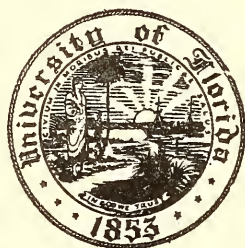


Sidney Kingsley

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MARRIAGE
GRADES
INTEGRATION

THEMES
IN STATISTICS!
unifying character
by uniformity & continued
occurrence!



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DETECTIVE STORY

Detective

RANDOM HOUSE • NEW YORK



Story

*A play
in three acts
by*

SIDNEY KINGSLEY



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AND MADGE EVANS

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Q.B.

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In Memoriam

My mother and my aunt Rose

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CHARACTERS

DETECTIVE DAKIS
A SHOPLIFTER
DETECTIVE GALLAGHER
MRS. FARRAGUT
JOE FEINSON
DETECTIVE CALLAHAN
DETECTIVE O'BRIEN
DETECTIVE BRODY
ENDICOTT SIMS
DETECTIVE McLEOD
ARTHUR KINDRED
PATROLMAN BARNES
1ST CAT-BURGLAR (CHARLEY)
2ND CAT-BURGLAR (LEWIS)
HYSTERICAL WOMAN
DR. SCHNEIDER
LT. MONOGHAN
SUSAN CARMICHAEL
PATROLMAN KEOGH
WILLY
MISS HATCH
MRS. FEENEY
MR. FEENEY
CRUMB-BUM
MR. GALLANTZ
MR. PRITCHETT
MARY McLEOD
TAMI GIACOPPETTI
PHOTOGRAPHER
LADY
GENTLEMAN
INDIGNANT CITIZEN

And a stream of others who come and go . . . ceaselessly.

SCENE

ACT ONE

A day in August. 5:30 P.M.

ACT TWO

7:30 P.M.

ACT THREE

8:30 P.M.

TIME—The Present.

The entire action of the play takes place in the detective squad-room of a New York precinct police station.

ACT ONE

Act One

SCENE: *The 21st Detective Squad, second floor of the 21st Precinct Police Station, New York City. The major area of the stage is occupied by the squad-room; to the right separated by a door and an invisible wall we glimpse a fragment of the LIEUTENANT'S office. Severe, nakedly institutional, ghost-ridden, these rooms are shabby, three-quarters of a century old, with an effluvium of their own compounded of seventy-five years of the tears and blood of human anguish, despair, passion, rage, terror and violent death. The walls are olive green to the waist and light green above. In the wall upstage, two ceiling-high windows guarded by iron-grill work. The entrance, stage left, is surrounded by an iron railing with a swinging gate. Tacked to the wall, a height chart; next to it a folding fingerprint shelf; above that a green-shaded light. Adjoining, a bulletin board upon which are tacked several notices and photographs of criminals, etc. In the center of the room is the phone desk, on which are two phones. Downstage left is another desk, on it a typewriter. High on the main wall a large electric clock, beneath it a duty board with replaceable celluloid letters, reading "On Duty—Det. Gallagher, Det. Dakis, Lt. Monaghan." In the segment of the LIEUTEN-*

ANT'S office, a desk, a swivel chair, several small chairs, some files, a water-cooler, a coat-rack, etc. A small window in the LIEUTENANT'S office looks out upon an air shaft. Through it we catch a glimpse of the window of the wash-room, the door to which is upstage right.

The light is fading. It is late afternoon, five-twenty by the clock on the wall. Through the main windows a magnificent view of the city and its towering skyscrapers; dominating the panorama are a General Motors sign, a church spire and a cross.

At the curtain's rise, NICHOLAS DAKIS is seated at the typewriter desk making out a form and interrogating a young woman who has been picked up for shoplifting. At the phone desk his partner, GALLAGHER, is writing up some "squeals," and sipping Coca-Cola from the bottle. A traffic policeman in uniform pauses momentarily in the doorway to murmur a greeting to another uniformed policeman; then they vanish. DETECTIVE GALLAGHER is a young man, third-grade, a novice about 27 years of age, and good-looking in spite of a broken nose. The heat has him a little down: he is sweating profusely and every once in a while he plucks at his moist shirt which clings to his body. He and his partner, DETECTIVE DAKIS, are in their shirt sleeves, their collars open.

DAKIS is a bull of a man as wide as he is high. He has a voice like the roll of a kettle-drum. He is a middle-aged Greek American. He tackles his job efficiently and unemotionally, in an apparently off-hand, casual manner—as indeed do most of the detectives.

The SHOPLIFTER is a shapeless, moronic little creature with a Bronx accent. Her voice is the blat of a moose-calf, and, in spite of her avowed guilt, she has all the innocence of ignorance.

DAKIS: Hair? *Squints at her frazzled hair.*

SHOPLIFTER: Brown.

DAKIS, *typing, hunt and peck system*: Brown. *He squints at her eyes.* Eyes?

SHOPLIFTER: Blue.

DAKIS, *types*: Blue.

The phone rings. GALLAGHER *picks up the receiver.*

GALLAGHER: 21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher. Yes, Madame, what is your name, please? *He reaches for a pencil and pad, glances at the clock, writes.* Address? Phone number? Plaza 9-1855 . . .

DAKIS: Weight?

GALLAGHER, *as the other desk phone rings*: One second, please. *He picks up the other receiver, balancing the first on his shoulder.* 21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher.

SHOPLIFTER: 109, I think.

DAKIS, *types*: 109 will do. . . . *He squints at her potato sack of a figure.* Height?

SHOPLIFTER: I don't know. About . . .

DAKIS: Stand up against the wall! *He waves her to the height chart.* Over there.

GALLAGHER, *on phone*: Hello, Loot. No, nothing. A shoplifter. Best's. A pocketbook. *He calls to DAKIS.* Hey, Nick, what was the price on that purse she lifted?

SHOPLIFTER, *mournfully*: Six dollars.

DAKIS, *to the SHOPLIFTER*: Five foot one. All right, come back. *The SHOPLIFTER returns to the desk.*

GALLAGHER, *on the phone*: Six bucks.

DAKIS: Age?

SHOPLIFTER: Twenty-seven. *Corrects herself, quickly.* Twenty-two.

DAKIS, *squints at her, types*: Twenty—seven.

GALLAGHER, *on the phone*: Right, Loot. It come in too late. Night court. Right, chief. *He hangs up, applies the other receiver.* Sorry, Mrs. . . . *Glances at his pad.* Andrews. Yes. Have you a list of just what's missing? It would help. Any cash? You do? One of the servants? All right. I'll be there. Yes, Madame. *Hangs up, makes some notes on the scratch pad, sips at the Coca-Cola bottle.*

SHOPLIFTER: My God, the times I spent twice as much for a pocketbook.

DAKIS, *matter of fact, no animus*: Well, you took it.

SHOPLIFTER: I don't know why. It was crazy.

DAKIS, *shrugs it off*: It's your first offense. You'll get off on probation.

SHOPLIFTER: I didn't need it. I didn't even like it. Crazy!

A burst of song off-stage: an overmellow baritone pouring out Canio's heartbreak from I Pagliacci, making up in vigor all that it lacks in sweetness: "Ma il vizio alberga sol ne l' alma tua negletta." *The SHOPLIFTER, puzzled, glances about, hunches her shoulders at DAKIS inquisitively, but he is absorbed in his work and he does not*

even glance up. The singing comes closer. More heart-break! "Tu viscere non hai . . . sol legge." Enter GUS KEOGH, a uniformed policeman with a normally smiling, smooth, white Irish face, twisted for the moment with the agony of the tragic song he is pouring forth.

KEOGH: "è 'l senso a te . . ." *Breaks off, beaming. Got any 61's?*

GALLAGHER: A couple. You're off key today, Gus. *Hands him several slips. KEOGH studies them; his face contorts again with the emotion of the song as he goes off.*

KEOGH: "vo' ne lo sprezzo mio schiacciarti . . . (and fades off down the hall with a sob) sotto piè."

DAKIS, *rises, crosses to fingerprint board, rolls ink on pad, beckons to the SHOPLIFTER: Come here! The SHOPLIFTER crosses to DAKIS. He takes her hand. She stiffens. He reassures her gently—in the interests of efficiency. Take it easy, girlie. Let me do the work. You just supply the finger.*

SHOPLIFTER: Ooh!!

DAKIS: This finger. Relax, now, I'm not going to hurt you. Just r-r-r-roll it. . . . *He presses her finger down on the sheet.*

GALLAGHER, *glances up, toward door into hallway at someone approaching: Uh, uh! Here comes trouble. To DAKIS. Look at the calendar!*

DAKIS, *glances at the calendar on the wall: A full moon tonight.*

GALLAGHER, *groans: It never fails. Enter an elderly,*

aristocratic-looking woman, dressed in the style of a by-gone era. GALLAGHER *rises gallantly.* Come in, Mrs. Farragut! Are those people still bothering you?

MRS. FARRAGUT: Worse than ever, Officer. If I hadn't awakened last night and smelled that gas coming through the walls, I'd be gone—we'd all be gone.

GALLAGHER, *solicitously*: Have a chair.

MRS. FARRAGUT: Why haven't you given me protection? I demand protection.

GALLAGHER, *"conning" her*: I got twelve men on duty guarding you.

MRS. FARRAGUT: But whose side are they really on? Are you sure you can trust them?

GALLAGHER, *wounded*: Mrs. Farragut! One of them is my own *brother*.

MRS. FARRAGUT: Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to offend you. *She sits, leans toward him, confidentially.* Only it's so important. You see, they know I know all about it—Atom bombs! GALLAGHER *nods sagely.* They're making them—these foreigners next door and they blow this atomic vapor through the wall at me. And they have a man watching me from the top of the Empire State Building . . . with radar . . .

GALLAGHER: That man we got covered.

MRS. FARRAGUT: You have?

GALLAGHER: Day and night.

MRS. FARRAGUT: Does the President know about this?

GALLAGHER: I talked to him only an hour ago.

MRS. FARRAGUT: That's important, very important. These

foreigners know I have electronic vision. I can see everything around us vibrating with electricity. . . . Billions of atoms like stars in a universe, turning, vibrating, vibrating. Out there in the streets ten million living dynamos—coming and going . . . They create cross-currents; and those great tall skyscrapers draw all this human electricity to the top of the Empire State Building, where that man sits, and he turns it back and shoots it down on us. It's a terrifying situation . . . terrifying!! Do something!—Or it's the end of the world!! *She rises, having worked herself into a frenzy of terror.*

JOE FEINSON, *police-reporter, enters, leans his head on the rail watching; a tiny man, few inches more than five feet, exaggerated nose, crooked features, JOE's superficially wise-cracking police-reporter attitude is only the persona with which he cloaks a genuine philosophic, humanistic outlook. Nothing escapes his humorous, beady, bird-like eyes.*

GALLAGHER, *rises, crosses around to her, takes her arm reassuringly:* Now, Mrs. Farragut, I'm watching it, every second; and I got it all under control. Tell you what—I'm going to *double* the men I got guarding you. Twenty-five picked men day and night. How's that?

MRS. FARRAGUT, *calms down:* Oh, that's better. Much better. Thank you.

Exit MRS. FARRAGUT.

GALLAGHER, *plucking at his damp shirt:* Get out the butterfly net.

JOE: You give the customers a good massage.

GALLAGHER: Hell, this job is ninety percent salesman-ship!

DAKIS, *finishes the fingerprints*: O.K., girlie, wash your hands. In there! *He points to the wash-room door. The SHOPLIFTER crosses to the wash-room, dangling her lamp-blacked fingers before her so as not to soil her dress.*

JOE: What's new?

GALLAGHER: It's quiet. *Knocks wood.*

JOE: The town's dead as Kelcey's. *He saunters over to GALLAGHER's desk.*

SHOPLIFTER, *opens the door, frowning, calls out*: There isn't any lock on the door.

DAKIS: Just wash your hands, girlie.

SHOPLIFTER, *indignant*: A fine howdoyoudo! *She slams the door.*

JOE: Story for me?

GALLAGHER: No. Shoplifter.

JOE: She anybody?

GALLAGHER: Nobody at all.

JOE: Any angles?

GALLAGHER: Nah! Just a slob.

Two detectives enter. One of them, CALLAHAN, is very exuberant and high-spirited, Tenth Avenue in his speech, dressed in a yellow polo shirt and baggy trousers, which do not match his wrinkled jacket. The other, DETECTIVE O'BRIEN, is an older man, spectacted, neatly dressed, soft-spoken.

CALLAHAN, *tears off his jacket, revealing the full splendor of his polo shirt—Hawaiian in motif, with brilliant*

foliage woven into the pattern: Hi, Tom, Nick, Joe! Phew, it's hot out! Sweat your kolonjas off!

JOE: What the hell are you dressed up for? Must be Halloween?

CALLAHAN: I wonder what he means?

O'BRIEN: Saks-Fifth Avenue pays Mike to advertise their clothes.

CALLAHAN: Gese, were we given a run around! We tailed a guy for two hours, from Fifty-thoid to Ninety-foist and back. I thought for sure, "This one belongs to us."

O'BRIEN: Looked like a good man.

CALLAHAN: Then the jerko took a bus. *Glances at the schedule hanging on the wall.* Moider! Sunday again! What the hell am I?—A Sunday detective? My kids'll grow up, they won't even know me. *To JOE.* Say, Joe, there's a big story on Thoid Avenue. You get it? The brewery truck?

JOE: No, what about it?

CALLAHAN: A brewery truck backed up into the sidewalk and a barrel of beer fell right out inna baby carriage.

JOE, *rising*: Was the baby in it?

CALLAHAN: Yeah.

JOE: Was it killed?

CALLAHAN: No, it was light beer! Boyeeng! *He doubles over, holding his sides with laughter.* Ha, ha, ha!

JOE, *groans and sinks back into his chair*: You're a cute kid. What's your name, Berle?

The SHOPLIFTER returns from the wash-room. As she

crosses CALLAHAN *studies her face, squinting his eyes professionally.*

O'BRIEN: Busy day?

GALLAGHER: Quiet.

O'BRIEN: Good. *He knocks wood.*

GALLAGHER: Too quiet.

O'BRIEN: We're due. We're ripe for a homicide.

GALLAGHER: Ssh. Wait till I get out of here. *The desk phone rings, GALLAGHER groans.* Can't you keep your big mouth shut? *He picks up the receiver.* 21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher. Yes, Madame. That's right. Where? Now what is it you lost?

JOE: Her virginity.

GALLAGHER: In a taxicab?

JOE: Hell of a place!

GALLAGHER: Did you get his number? Can you describe it?

JOE: This is going to be educational.

GALLAGHER: What's your name? Address? Yes, Madame. I'll check that for you. Not at all.

JOE, *simultaneously with GALLAGHER's last speech*: I got a squeal for you. I lost something. My manhood.

CALLAHAN: We don't take cases *that* old, Joe.

GALLAGHER, *hanging up*: Outlawed by the statute of limitations.

DETECTIVE LOU BRODY *enters with several containers of coffee, Coca-Colas, and a bag of sandwiches.* BRODY is a huge man, *deceptively obese and clumsy in appearance;*

bald-head, ugly, carbuncled face, lit up, however, by sad, soft, gentle eyes. He hands one bag to DAKIS.

BRODY: Here you are, Nick!

DAKIS: I appreciate that.

BRODY: My pleasure. Here you are, Miss.

SHOPLIFTER: With Russian Dressing? *Standing up, searching in her purse.*

BRODY: They ran out. *He crosses, places the remaining sandwiches and coffee on the long table, then goes into the LIEUTENANT'S office, hangs his hat and jacket on the coat-tree.*

SHOPLIFTER: How much do I owe you?

DAKIS: It's on the house.

SHOPLIFTER: You're all awful decent, really, awful decent.

DAKIS: Well, you didn't kill anyone.

A man carrying a briefcase enters, stands at the gate a moment, taps on it impatiently. He is about thirty-five, erect in bearing, sharply chiseled features, self-possessed, apparently immune to the heat; he is crisp and cool even to the starched collar. When he speaks his voice is equally crisp and starched, and carries considerable authority.

GALLAGHER: Yes, sir?

The MAN fishes a card out of his wallet and presents it.

MAN: My name is Sims, Endicott Sims. I'm an attorney.

GALLAGHER: What can we do for you, Counselor?

SIMS: I represent Mr. Kurt Schneider. Your office has a warrant out for him?

DAKIS: Hey, Lou! This is Jim's squeal, ain't it? Kurt Schneider?

BRODY: Yeah. I'll take it. *Crosses to SIMS.* This is my partner's case. What about Schneider, Counselor? Where is he?

SIMS: He's ready to surrender himself into your custody.

BRODY: Fine, bring him in.

SIMS: First, however, I have here some photographs. . . . *He takes some pictures from his briefcase, and hands them to BRODY.* He had these taken half an hour ago.

BRODY, *examines them, makes a face*: Nudes? Ugly, ain't he?

SIMS, *smiles wryly*: He's no Mr. America.

BRODY: No, that he ain't.

SIMS: The purpose is not aesthetic. I don't want any rubber hoses used on him.

BRODY: Counselor, how long have you been practicing law? We don't assault our prisoners.

SIMS: Who's handling this case here?

BRODY: My partner.

SIMS: A man named James McLeod?

BRODY: Yeah.

SIMS: I've heard a good deal about him. A law unto himself. You will please tell him for me . . .

BRODY: Wait a minute. Tell him for yourself. Here he is.

JAMES MCLEOD *enters, his big hand gripping the arm of a stunned, sensitive-looking young man whom he guides into the room.* JAMES MCLEOD *is tall, lean, handsome, has powerful shoulders, uncompromising mouth, a*

studied, immobile, mask-like facies betrayed by the deep-set, impatient, mocking eyes which reveal the quick flickers of mood, the deep passions of the man possessed by his own demon.

BRODY: Oh, Jim, this is your squeal. *To* SIMS. This is Detective McLeod, Mr. Sims.

MC LEOD: How do you do, sir? *Takes out a handkerchief, mops his brow, wipes the sweat-band of his hat.*

SIMS: How do you do?

BRODY: Mr. Sims is an attorney.

MC LEOD: And very clever. I've seen him in court.

SIMS: Thank you.

BRODY: He's here for Kurt Schneider.

MC LEOD, *the quick flicker of mockery in his eyes*: Oh, yes. *To* SIMS. I had the pleasure of arresting your client a year ago.

SIMS: So I am informed.

MC LEOD: He's changed his lawyer since, if not his business.

SIMS: Kurt Schneider is a successful truck farmer from New Jersey.

MC LEOD: With a little abortion mill in New York for a sideline. Nothing fancy, just a quick ice-tong job. I've a considerable yen for your client.

SIMS: I'm aware of that. *To* BRODY. Show him those pictures! BRODY *hands the photographs to* MC LEOD.

MC LEOD, *looks at the pictures, grimaces*: There's no doubt the process of evolution is beginning to reverse itself.

SIMS: You understand, Officer, that my client has certain rights. I am here to see that those rights are respected.

MC LEOD, *urbanely*: One second, Counselor. I'll be right with you. Have a chair. *He guides the young man into the squad room.*

GALLAGHER: Jim, call your wife!

MC LEOD: Thanks, Tom. *He searches the young man for weapons; the quick "frisk," ankles, legs, thighs, front and rear.* All right, Buster. Sit down over there. *To* GALLAGHER. When'd she phone?

GALLAGHER: Twenty minutes ago. *The phone rings.* 21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher. Yes, sir. *He hands the phone to* MC LEOD. The Lieutenant.

MC LEOD, *takes the phone and it is evident from his grimace at the phone that he has no great love for his* LIEUTENANT. *He sits on the desk:* Yes, Lieutenant? I just got back.

JOE crosses down, drapes himself on the chair next to MC LEOD: Hiya, Seamus!

MC LEOD, *smothers the mouthpiece of the phone, murmurs quickly*: Oh, Yussel, Yussel! You're supposed to be an intelligent reporter.

JOE: What's the matter, Seamus?

MC LEOD: That Langdon story!

JOE: Didn't I spell your name right?

MC LEOD: It's the only thing you did get right. *On the phone.* Yes, Lieutenant. I just brought him in. *To* ARTHUR. Arthur, were you arrested before?

ARTHUR: I told you.

MC LEOD: Tell me again.

ARTHUR: No.

MC LEOD, *back to phone*: Says no. We'll check his prints. Yes, sir. Yes, sir. *He covers the mouthpiece*. You're degenerating into a real sob-sister, Yussel. Grrrim grray prrrison walls! Wish you'd have seen Langdon in the bull-pen. "Hiya, Jack! Hiya, Charley!" Smiling. He was happy! He was home again! *On phone*. Yes, Lieutenant. Yes, sir.

JOE: The mortal God—McLeod! Captain Ahab pursuing the great gray Leviathan! A fox with rabies bit him in the ass when he was two years old, and neither of them recovered. Don't throw water on him. He goes rabid!

MC LEOD, *hangs up, pulls JOE's bow-tie*: You apple-headed member of the fourth estate, to look natural you should have a knife and fork sticking out of the top of your head. City College is going to be proud of you yet! *Rises, talks Yiddish*. Mir daft ihr dihagginun!

JOE *laughs, ties his tie*: Is this story worth a picture?

MC LEOD: Mm . . . Possibly. *To ARTHUR*. Don't try running for it, Buster. You'd just about reach that door and suddenly you'd put on weight. Bullets are supersonic.

ARTHUR: Don't worry.

MC LEOD: I won't. Either way.

BRODY, *at the sound of the young man's voice, stops and turns quickly. He comes over, scrutinizes the young man's face*.

MC LEOD: Know him?

BRODY: No . . . No . . . I . . . *Shakes his head*.

MC LEOD, *calls across the room to MR. SIMS*: One second, Counselor. *He crosses to the LIEUTENANT's office, comes face to face with CALLAHAN. He pauses to survey CALLAHAN's sartorial splendor. Shakes his head.* Strictly Pier 6!

CALLAHAN: I ain't no friggin barber-college detective with pleats in my pants.

MC LEOD, *sardonically*: No, you *ain't*. . . . *Goes into LIEUTENANT's office, closes the door, dials a number.*

CALLAHAN, *miffed*: Remind me to get that college graduate a bicycle pump for Christmas to blow up that big head of his.

O'BRIEN *and GALLAGHER laugh.*

O'BRIEN: He needling you again?

CALLAHAN: Mm! Big needle-man from sew-and-sew.

MC LEOD, *on the phone*: Hello, darling. *His voice at once takes on warmth and tenderness; his eyes, his smile, his whole being seem to undergo a metamorphosis.* What did the doctor say? . . . Thank God! Nothing organic? Sure, now, Mary? . . . How does he explain those palpitations? . . . Psychosomatic? Mm! And how does he explain that? . . . What tensions? *Laughs.* What'd he prescribe, short of a new world? Phenobarbital and Vitamin B-one? The history of our time. *He laughs.* Oh, Mary! You're wonderful! I love you! Of course, I was worried sick. Mm. Yes . . . Thank you, my angel. I'll call you later. Good-bye.

In the squad-room, ARTHUR's face turns gray, he clutches his stomach and bites his lip. BRODY, who has been studying him, crosses to him.

BRODY: What's the matter, sonny?

ARTHUR: Nothing.

BRODY *points to the wash-room*. ARTHUR *crosses to it, quickly*. Once inside, alone, his bravado falls away. He is a sick and desperate boy. He dry-retchs over the sink for a moment. Breathing heavily, he looks about in sudden panic.

BRODY *glances toward the wash-room, goes to his files, takes out a bottle, goes to the wash-room, props open the door, stands there, watching*. ARTHUR *controls himself, turns on the water in the sink, buries his face in it*. BRODY *takes a paper cup, pours out a drink, offers it to him*: Have a bomb?

ARTHUR: No, thanks. *Dries his face*.

BRODY *tosses off the drink, himself*. They return to the squad-room. The desk phone rings. GALLAGHER *reaches for it*.

BRODY, *glances at the clock*: O.K., Tom. I'll take over now. Go on home. *Picks up the phone*.

GALLAGHER: Home? I got a squeal. *Goes off into the next room*.

BRODY, *on the phone*: 21st Squad, Detective Brody. Yeah? Get his license number? . . . He *glances at the clock, scribbles data on a pad*.

MC LEOD *enters the squad-room, crosses to* MR. SIMS: Now, Counselor?

SIMS, *presents him with the photographs again*: You will observe there are no scars or lacerations of any kind!

Points to photos. This is the way I'm delivering my client to you, and this is the way I want him back.

MC LEOD, *studies them gravely*: I should think that any change whatsoever would be an improvement, Counselor.

SIMS: I want you to know I'm not going to allow you to violate his Constitutional rights. You're not to abuse him physically or degrade his dignity as a human being, do you understand?

MC LEOD *bites this off sharply*: Counselor, I never met a criminal yet who didn't wrap himself in the Constitution from head to toe, or a hoodlum who wasn't filled to the nostrils with habeas corpus and the rights of human dignity. Did you ever see the girl your client operated on last year—in the morgue—on a marble slab? Wasn't much human left of her, Counselor—and very little dignity!

SIMS: My client was innocent of that charge. The court acquitted him.

MC LEOD: He was guilty.

SIMS: Are you setting yourself above the courts of the land?

MC LEOD: There's a higher court, Counselor.

SIMS: I'm sure there is, Officer. Are you qualified to speak for it? I'm not. God doesn't come down and whisper in my ear. But when it comes to the man-made law on terra firma, I know it, I obey it, and I respect it.

MC LEOD: What do you want to do?—Try the case here? This isn't a court. Save it for the Judge. Now, Counselor, I'm busy. Your client will be treated with as much deli-

cacy as he is entitled to. So bring him in—or get off the pot.

SIMS: I've heard about you. You're quite an anomaly, McLeod, quite an anomaly. It's going to be a real pleasure to examine you on the witness stand.

MC LEOD: Anything to give you a thrill, Counselor.

SIMS: We may have a thrill or two in store for you.

MC LEOD: Meaning?

SIMS: For over a year you personally have been making my client's life a living hell. Why?

MC LEOD: I beg your pardon.

SIMS: Why?

MC LEOD, *sardonically*: Because I'm annoyed by criminals that get away with murder. They upset me.

SIMS: You're easily upset.

MC LEOD: Oh, I'm *very* sensitive. *Dismissing him.* To me your client is just another criminal. *Turns away.* O.K., Arthur! In there! *He indicates the* LIEUTENANT'S office. ARTHUR *rises, enters the office.*

SIMS: That's your story. At considerable expense we have investigated and discovered *otherwise.*

MC LEOD *turns to stare at him.* SIMS *smiles knowingly and goes.*

BRODY: What the hell's he driving at?

MC LEOD: A fishing expedition. That's a shrewd mouth-piece. I've seen him operate. *He enters the* LIEUTENANT'S office. *To* ARTHUR. Empty your pockets! Take everything out! Put it on the desk! ARTHUR *empties the contents of his pockets on the desk.* That all?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MC LEOD: Turn your pockets inside out. ARTHUR *obeys*. Sit down! Over there! What'd you do with the money?

ARTHUR: I spent it.

MC LEOD *examines the articles one by one, very carefully*: All of it?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MC LEOD *picks up a book of matches*: When were you at the Stork Club?

ARTHUR: Wednesday night.

MC LEOD: Been doing the hot spots?

ARTHUR: Some.

MC LEOD: Any of the money left?

ARTHUR: How far can you go with four hundred dollars?

MC LEOD: Four hundred and eighty.

ARTHUR: Was it four eighty?

MC LEOD: So your employer claims.

ARTHUR: He ought to know.

MC LEOD: Arthur, why'd you take the money?

ARTHUR: What's the difference? I took it, I admit it, I took it!

MC LEOD: Where'd you spend last night?

ARTHUR: In my room.

MC LEOD: I was there. Where were you? Under the bed?

ARTHUR: I sat in the Park.

MC LEOD: All night?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MC LEOD: It rained.

ARTHUR: Drizzled.

MC LEOD: You sat in the drizzle?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MC LEOD: What were you doing?

ARTHUR: Just dreaming.

MC LEOD: In the park at night?—Dreaming?

ARTHUR: Night is the time for dreams.

MC LEOD: And *thieves! He examines the articles in ARTHUR'S pockets. . . . The phone in the squad-room rings. BRODY answers.*

BRODY: 21st Squad, Detective Brody . . . Callahan, for you!

CALLAHAN *crosses to phone, throws a parking ticket on the desk*: A kiss from Judge Bromfield. *Into phone*: Callahan, 21st.

JOE, *examines the ticket*: You get a parking ticket?

DAKIS, *morosely*: I got one, too. In front of the Criminal Court Building. You're such a big shot, Joe, why don't you throw a little weight around?

JOE: Mind if I use the phone?

BRODY, *nods*: The outside one.

JOE *dials a number*.

O'BRIEN: Some of these judges haven't the brains God gave them. They refrigerate them in law-school.

DAKIS: It ain't enough we use our own cars to take prisoners to court, and our own gas—we can't even deduct it from our income tax. Where's your justice?

JOE, *into phone*: Hello, Jerry—this is Joe Feinson. *Suddenly yelling at the top of his lungs*: Who the hell does

that Judge Bromfield think he is? . . . He's persecutin' cops, that's what! Parkin' tickets on duty. I'm going to stir up the goddamnedest hornet's nest! . . . All right! All right! . . . *Calmly*. Yeah. Fine. Sure. I got one here. Yeah. *He hangs up, takes the ticket*. O.K. Forget it. It's fixed. *Crosses to get DAKIS' ticket*.

O'BRIEN: You frighten him?

JOE: I frightened myself. *Holds up his trembling hand*. Look at my hand! Shaking!

DAKIS *laughs—a bellow that makes the room vibrate*.

CALLAHAN: A cop's got to get a reporter to fix a ticket for him. I seen everything now.

JOE: That's the way it should be. A free press is the tocsin of a free people. The law keeps you in line, we keep the law in line, the people keep us in line, you keep the people in line. Everybody kicks everybody else in the ass! That way nobody gets too big for his britches. That's democracy! *Crosses to the gate*.

DAKIS: You have the gall to call that yellow, monopolistic sheet—a free press? Ha! Ha! *Bellows again*. You kill me!

Exit JOE, waving the ticket triumphantly.

SHOPLIFTER: So.

DAKIS: So what?

SHOPLIFTER: So what happens to me now?

DAKIS: We wait here till night court opens. Nine o'clock. Then the magistrate will probably set bail for you.

O'BRIEN: Have you got a lawyer? You might save the bail bond.

SHOPLIFTER. My brother-in-law's a lawyer.

DAKIS, *belches*: Excuse me. Call him up . . .

SHOPLIFTER: Gee, I hate to. He's kind of a new brother-in-law. If my sister finds out, oh, God! she'll die! And she's in the fourth month, too.

O'BRIEN: It's up to you.

DAKIS: Suit yourself. The court'll appoint you one.

SHOPLIFTER: Gee, I don't know what to do!

MC LEOD, *completes his examination of the articles in ARTHUR'S pockets*: Ever been arrested before, Arthur?

ARTHUR: I told you no.

MC LEOD: You sure?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MC LEOD: It would help your case if you returned the money.

ARTHUR: I know. But I can't. I told you it's gone.

BRODY *enters the LIEUTENANT'S office and listens to the interrogation*.

MC LEOD: What's this pawn ticket for?

ARTHUR: Textbooks.

MC LEOD: Where did you get them?

ARTHUR: College.

MC LEOD: Graduate?

ARTHUR: No.

MC LEOD: What stopped you?

ARTHUR: World War Two, the first time.

MC LEOD: And the second time?

ARTHUR: World War Three.

MC LEOD: Foolish question, foolish answer. *Examining*

contents of ARTHUR's pockets. Have you any identifying marks on you, Arthur? Any scars? . . . Roll up your sleeves. . . . ARTHUR *obeys.* *On his left wrist is a tattoo mark.* A tattoo mark. A heart. And what's the name? J—O—Y! Who's Joy?

ARTHUR: A girl.

MC LEOD: Your girl?

ARTHUR: No.

MC LEOD: Whose girl?

ARTHUR: What's the difference?

MC LEOD: What branch of the service were you in?

ARTHUR: Navy.

MC LEOD: How long?

ARTHUR: Five years.

MC LEOD: What rank?

ARTHUR: Chief Petty Officer.

MC LEOD: You married?

ARTHUR: No.

MC LEOD: How old are you?

ARTHUR: Twenty-seven.

MC LEOD: How long you been in New York?

ARTHUR: A year.

MC LEOD: Where you from?

ARTHUR: Ann Arbor, Michigan.

MC LEOD: What's your father's business?

ARTHUR: My father's dead.

MC LEOD: What *was* his business?

ARTHUR: He was a teacher. Music. History of music.

MC LEOD: History of music? He must've been proud of you. Where's your mother?

ARTHUR: She's dead.

MC LEOD, *looking through* ARTHUR's *address book*: Ah! Here's Joy again—Joy Carmichael. Maybe I better give her a ring.

ARTHUR: What for? Why drag her into this? She doesn't know anything about it.

MC LEOD, *mockingly*: You wouldn't lie to me, would you, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Why should I lie?

MC LEOD: I don't know. Why should you steal? Maybe it's because you're just no damn good, hm, Arthur? The judge asks me and I'm going to throw the book at you.—Tattoo *that* on your arm! MC LEOD *rises*.

BRODY: Admission?

MC LEOD: Yes.

BRODY: Get the money?

MC LEOD: No. He doesn't milk easily. A superman. I've got an angle. *Crosses into the squad-room, dials phone.*

BRODY, *to* ARTHUR: Sonny, you look like a nice boy. How'd you get into this mess?

ARTHUR, *rises*: What is this? Are you going to give me a sermon?

BRODY: Don't get funny with me, son. I'll knock you right through the floor! Sit down! ARTHUR *sits*. How'd you get into this mess, son?

ARTHUR: I don't know. You get trapped.

BRODY: Where's the money?

ARTHUR, *shakes his head*: Gone! It's gone.

BRODY: What did you do with it?

ARTHUR: Spent it.

BRODY *pauses, takes out a cigarette, offers ARTHUR one, lights them*: You went to college? What did you study?

ARTHUR: Majored in History.

BRODY: History? What for?

ARTHUR: To teach. I wanted to be a teacher.

BRODY: Much of a career in that?

ARTHUR: I used to think so.

BRODY: You're a long way from home?

ARTHUR: Yes.

BRODY: Why didn't you finish?

ARTHUR: No time. The war washed that up. There's no time. You can't start from scratch at 25.

BRODY *studies him, shakes his head. The sudden babble of voices is heard, off*.

MCLEOD, *looks up from phone*: Uh-uh! Here comes trouble! A couple of customers.

A uniformed policeman, Negro, enters herding in front of him two burglars handcuffed to each other. They are followed by other policemen, a hysterical woman, and at the tail of the parade, WILLY, the janitor, with broom, pail and inquisitive look.

The Negro policeman is a big man of erect carriage, with a fine, intelligent face. The two burglars are a study in contrasting personalities. The first is nervous, thin, short, wiry, with long expressive hands that are never still, forever weaving in and out. He has jet-black hair

which keeps falling over his forehead in bangs, tiny black eyes, an olive complexion and a slight Italian accent. He is protesting his innocence with percussive indignation. He is wearing an expensive suit and a pink shirt with no tie. The second burglar is a chunky, sandy-haired young fellow, slow-moving, slower-thinking, who is inclined to take this arrest as a minor nuisance at worst. He is wearing a "zoot suit" with extremely narrow cuffs on the trousers. He moves slouching slowly, swaying from side to side. There is something "off-beat," something disturbing about both these men. WILLY, the janitor, is a thin, sour, grizzled man with a pockmarked face and a moth-eaten tooth-brush moustache. He wears a worn black shirt and old, torn trousers. The hysterical woman is a short, dumpy, elderly Frenchwoman whose hair is in disarray and whose slip is showing. She is wringing her hands, crying and gabbling half in French, half in English. As they enter, they are all talking at once. The first burglar's percussive cries and the Frenchwoman's wails dominate the hubbub.

BRODY, *hearing the noise, crosses back into squad-room.*

MC LEOD: What have you got there?

BARNES (NEGRO PATROLMAN): Burglars. Caught 'em red-handed. Forcible entry.

WOMAN, *in a French accent*: I come up to my apartment. The door was open. The lock was burst wide open. The jamb was broken down. They were inside. I started to run. This one grabbed me and choked me.

1ST BURGLAR: It's a lie! It's a pack of lies! I don't know what she's talking about. . . .

BARNES: I was right across the street when I heard her scream. They come running down the stairs. I collared them. . . . This one put up a struggle.

1ST BURGLAR, *screaming*: I was walkin' down the stairs mindin' my own business—the cop jumps on me and starts beatin' the crap outa me. . . .

MC LEOD, *roars*: All right! *The first burglar stops screaming, pantomimes his innocence. We'll come to you. He takes his revolver out of his holster, puts it in his pocket. BRODY takes out his revolver, places it in the desk drawer. DAKIS does likewise. This is official routine which CALLAHAN alone neglects to observe.*

1ST BURGLAR, *softly*: Think I'm crazy to do a thing like this?

BRODY: Sh! You'll get your turn to talk. Sit down.

BARNES: On this one I found this jimmy, and this . . . *Takes out a jimmy and a revolver, hands them to MC LEOD.*

BRODY: Twenty-two?

MC LEOD, *nods*: Loaded. *He unloads the cylinder, places the cartridges on the desk.*

BRODY, *to the* 1ST BURGLAR: What's your name? Stand up! *Searches him more thoroughly.*

1ST BURGLAR: Gennini. Charles Gennini. And I don't know nothin'. I don't even know this guy. Ask him! *To the other* BURGLAR. Do I know you? *To* BRODY. No!

BRODY: Take it easy, Charley. Sit down! *To the other* BURGLAR. What's your name?

2ND BURGLAR: Lewis Abbott.

BRODY, *brandishes revolver and jimmy*: Were you carrying these, Lewis?

LEWIS, *thinks for a moment, nods, unemotionally*: Ya.

WOMAN, *begins to cry*: By the throat he grabbed me! How can this happen in New York?

MC LEOD, *gently*: Take it easy, Madame. You're all right, now. Sit down, Madame. I'll get you a glass of water.

WOMAN: Oh, please, please!

MC LEOD *crosses to the water-cooler*.

BRODY, *searches* LEWIS: You're a bad boy, Lewis, and what's more, you're a bad thief. Don't you know a good thief never carries a loaded pistol? It means five years added to your sentence, Lewis.

LEWIS: I'd never use it.

BRODY: That's what you think, Lewis. But it'd happen. You're lucky you were picked up. Probably saved you from a murder rap. Just once you'd walk in, a woman, she'd scream, resist, you'd get scared . . .

CALLAHAN: Boom! Boom! *Sings a funeral dirge*. Ta da de da de da de da de dum . . .

BRODY: You like the smell a burning flesh? Your own?

LEWIS, *thinks, shakes his head*: Na.

MC LEOD *returns with the glass of water, hands it to the hysterical woman*.

BRODY: Getting dropped today was the luckiest thing ever happened to you, Lewis. *Turns to* CHARLEY. Now, you!

CHARLEY *rises*. BRODY *searches him more carefully*.

CHARLEY, *his hands weaving*: I got nothing to do with this, I swear. You think I got rocks in my head?

BRODY, *producing a large wad of bills from CHARLEY'S pockets*: Look at this!

MC LEOD: Quite a bundle! How much is here, Charley?

CHARLEY: Fourteen hundred bucks.

MC LEOD, *digs into his own pocket, takes out a slim roll of bills*: Eleven! Why is it every time one of you bums comes in, you've got fourteen hundred dollars in your kick and I've got eleven in mine?

BRODY: You don't live right.

MC LEOD: No, evidently not. *To CHARLEY*. Where'd you get this?

CHARLEY: I saved it. I worked.

MC LEOD: Where?

CHARLEY: I was a bricklayer.

MC LEOD, *hands the money to the PATROLMAN*: Count it! This goes to the custodian. We don't want Charley suing us. *To CHARLEY*. Let's see your hands! *He feels them*. The only thing you ever "laid," Charley, was a two-dollar floozy.

CALLAHAN: Do you always carry so much money around?

CHARLEY: Yeah.

MC LEOD: What's the matter, Charley, don't you trust the banks?

BRODY: When were you in stir last, Charley?

CHARLEY: Me? In jail? Never! I swear to God on a stack of Bibles!

MC LEOD: What's your B number?

CHARLEY: I ain't got none.

MC LEOD: You sure?

CHARLEY: On my mother's grave, I ain't got no B card.

CALLAHAN: You're stupid.

MC LEOD, *looks at the others, shakes his head and laughs softly*: You just gave yourself away, Charley. How do you know what a B card is if you never had one?

CHARLEY: I . . . heard. I been around.

MC LEOD: I'll bet you have. You've been working this precinct since October.

CHARLEY: No. I swear . . .

MC LEOD, *laughs in his face*: Who the hell do you think you're kidding? CHARLEY *glares at him*. I know that face. This is a good man. He's been in jail before.

CHARLEY: Never, so help me God! What are you tryin' to do, hang me? I wanta call my lawyer.

MC LEOD: Shut up! Print him. You'll find he's got a sheet as long as your arm.

CHARLEY: I don't know what you're talkin' about. I swear to God! I get down on my knees . . . *He falls to his knees, crying*. What do you want me to . . .

MC LEOD: Get up! Get up! I can smell you. He's a cat burglar. A real murderer!

CALLAHAN: How many women you raped? CALLAHAN *stands near by, his back to the prisoner, his revolver sticking out of the holster*. CHARLEY *looks at it, licks his lips*.

MC LEOD, *to* CALLAHAN: Watch the roscoe! What's the matter with you? CALLAHAN *takes his revolver out of his*

holster, puts it in his pocket. To CHARLEY. Sit down! Over there.

WOMAN: Isn't anybody going to take care of me?

MC LEOD: Look, Madame! You're very upset. We don't need you here. Why don't you go home and rest up?

WOMAN: No, no, no! I am afraid to go back there now. I'm afraid even to go out in the street.

MC LEOD, *laughs*: Now, come on! You've got nothing to be afraid of.

WOMAN: No, no! I am! I am afraid.

MC LEOD: Suppose I send a policeman with you? . . . What time do you expect your husband back?

WOMAN: Seven o'clock.

MC LEOD: I'll send a policeman home with you to keep you company. A nice handsome Irish cop. How's that?

WOMAN, *thinks it over, giggles at him, nods*: That would be fine. Thank you, very much!

MC LEOD, *turns her over to* KEOGH: Gus, see that this lady gets home safely.

GUS, *grinning, takes her in tow. Exit GUS and the woman, giggling.*

SHOPLIFTER: I think I better call my brother-in-law.

DAKIS: What's the number?

SHOPLIFTER: Jerome 7-2577.

DAKIS *crosses to phone, dials the number.*

BRODY, *moves a chair center, turns to* LEWIS: Now, Lewis, sit down! LEWIS *sits*. You're in trouble.

MC LEOD, *steps close to* LEWIS: You help us, we'll help you. We'll ask the D.A. to give you a break.

BRODY: Tell us the truth. How many burglaries you committed here? LEWIS *is silent*. BRODY *hands him a cigarette*.

CALLAHAN, *comes in from behind, lights his cigarette*: Be a man. You got dropped! Face it!

O'BRIEN, *closes the circle around LEWIS*: Why not get the agony over with?

CALLAHAN: If you don't, we're gonna get the D.A. to throw away the key.

DAKIS, *to SHOPLIFTER, holding out the phone*: Here you are, girlie! Come and get it.

SHOPLIFTER, *crossing rapidly*: Oh, God, what'll I tell her? What should I say? *She takes the phone and assumes her most casual sing-song*. Hello, Milly! . . . Yeah! . . . Nothin'! I just didn't have any change. How are you? Yeah? Fine! How was the party? You went to Brooklyn? In your delicate condition? Milly! *She laughs feebly*. Say, Milly, is Jack there by any chance? Could I talk to him? Oh, nothin'! Some friend of mine wants some advice on somethin'. I don't know what. *She puts phone down*. He's there. What should I tell him? I don't know what to tell him.

DAKIS: Tell him to meet you at night court, 100 Center Street.

SHOPLIFTER: Shall I tell him to bring hard cash?

DAKIS: He'll know better than we.

SHOPLIFTER, *whispers hoarsely into phone*: Hello, Jack? Listen—can Milly hear me? I don't want her to know, but I'm in a jam. I need your help. So don't let on. Make

out like it's nothing. I can't give you all the details. I'm at the police station. Yeah. I took a bag. Best's. *Blatting*. I had to admit it, Jack, it was on my arm. Thanks, Jack! 100 Center Street. If Milly asks, tell her . . . Gee, Jack, you're a . . . *She hangs up slowly, sighs with relief to* DETECTIVE DAKIS. Boy! Am I relieved!

ENDICOTT SIMS *appears with* KURT SCHNEIDER, *and they stand within the gate, talking softly*. SCHNEIDER *is gaunt, neatly attired, dark, sullen, narrow, ferret-like face, bulging eyes, well-trimmed, waxed moustache*.

MC LEOD, *coming out of the* LIEUTENANT'S *office, crosses to them*: Hello, Kurt! Come on in.

SIMS, *to* MC LEOD: I have advised my client of his legal rights. He will answer no questions other than his name and address. Remember, Kurt! Name and address, that's all. Is that understood?

MC LEOD: As you say, Counselor.

SIMS: When are you going to book him?

MC LEOD: In a couple of hours, when we get around to it.

SIMS: I want to arrange his bail bond.

MC LEOD: You'll have to get Judge Crater to stand bail for him.

SIMS: Suppose you tend to your business and I'll tend to mine.

MC LEOD: I'll be glad to, if you'll get the hell out of here and let me.

SIMS: Remember, Kurt! Name and address, that's all. *Exit*.

MC LEOD: Sit down, Kurt. Over here! How've you been?

KURT: So, so.

MC LEOD: You look fit. That farm life agrees with you. Some coffee, Kurt?

KURT: You got enough?

MC LEOD: There's plenty. *Pours some.* Here you are! Sandwich?

KURT: I just ate.

MC LEOD: Cruller?

KURT: I'm full—

MC LEOD: Be right with you. *Hands him a newspaper, crosses to the phone, looks up a number in his notebook, dials it.*

BRODY, *to* PATROLMAN BARNES, *pointing at* CHARLEY *and indicating the wash-room.* Steve!

PATROLMAN BARNES, *nods:* Come on, Charley, in here! *Takes CHARLEY off into the wash-room.*

BRODY, *to* LEWIS: Charley let *you* carry the gun and the jimmy. . . . You're the one that's going to burn. Don't you see how he's crossed you?

CALLAHAN: You ever hear of the guy who sold his buddy up the river for thirty pieces of silver?

LEWIS: Ya. *The ring of men closes around* LEWIS.

O'BRIEN: Well? Think!

BRODY: When were you in jail last? *Silence.*

MC LEOD: Look, Lewis, we're gonna finger-print you. In half an hour we'll know your whole record, anyway.

BRODY: Make it easy for yourself. How many burglaries you committed in New York, Lewis?

LEWIS: What'll I get?

CALLAHAN: Were you in jail before?

LEWIS: Ya. Elmira. I got out in March.

BRODY: How long were you in?

LEWIS: Three and a half years.

BRODY: What for?

LEWIS: Burglary.

BRODY: Well, I'd say, seven and a half, to ten; maybe less, if you co-operate, if not—fifteen to twenty!

LEWIS: What do you want to know?

BRODY: How many burglaries you committed in New York?

LEWIS: Nine or ten.

CALLAHAN: That's better.

BRODY: What'd you do with the stuff?

LEWIS: Gave it to Charley.

CALLAHAN: He was in on it then?

LEWIS: Ya.

BRODY: You sell it?

LEWIS: Ya.

BRODY: Where?

LEWIS: In Boston . . . I think.

BRODY: You *think*? Didn't he tell you?

LEWIS: Na.

CALLAHAN: You're a bit of a shmuck, ain't you, Lewis?

BRODY: No, Lewis is regular. He's co-operating. *To* LEWIS. How much did he give you altogether?

LEWIS: Half. Four hundred dollars.

CALLAHAN: Wha . . . a . . . t?

BRODY: This stuff was worth thirty to forty thousand dollars.

LEWIS: Charley said it was mostly fake.

BRODY: Look! Here's the list! See for yourself!

LEWIS *looks at it, his face drops.*

MC LEOD: Lewis, you've been robbed!

LEWIS: Ya.

BRODY: Where does Charley live?

LEWIS: 129th Street, West. I know the house. I don't know the number. I can show it to you.

BRODY: Fine.

DAKIS *crosses to the toilet, opens the door, nods to*
PATROLMAN BARNES *who brings CHARLEY back into the*
room.

CALLAHAN: That's using your . . . *Taps* LEWIS' head
. . . tokas, Lewis.

LIEUTENANT MONOGHAN *enters. He is an old-time police-officer, ruddy, moon-faced, a cigar always thrust in the jaw, gray hair, muscle gone a bit to fat, his speech, crude New Yorkese interlarded with the vivid thieves' vernacular, crackles with authority.*

O'BRIEN: Hello, Chief!

BRODY: Hi, Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT, *looking around*: Busy house!

O'BRIEN: Yes, sir, we're bouncin', all of a sudden.

CALLAHAN: John! Got your car here? O'BRIEN *nods*. Run us over? We're gonna hit this bum's flat, Chief.

LIEUTENANT, *squints at* LEWIS: What's your name?

LEWIS: Lewis Abbott.

CALLAHAN, *shows* LIEUTENANT *the jimmy*: Look at this . . . *Shows him the gun* . . . and this.

LIEUTENANT: Loaded?

CALLAHAN: Yeah.

BRODY, *indicating* CHARLEY: The other burglar.

LIEUTENANT: What's your name?

CHARLEY: Gennini. I don't know nothing about this, Lieutenant. I was . . .

LIEUTENANT *snorts, turns his back on* CHARLEY: Print him!

CALLAHAN: Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT: Who made the collar?

BRODY: Uniform arrest. Patrolman Barnes.

LIEUTENANT, *to* BARNES: Nice goin'!

MC LEOD, *indicating* KURT *to* LIEUTENANT: Kurt Schneider. Turned himself in.

LIEUTENANT: That mouthpiece of his got hold of me downstairs, chewed my ear off. I wanna have a talk with you. *Beckons him inside.*

DAKIS: Charley, on your feet! Let's go. *Leads* CHARLEY *over to the finger-print board and "prints" him.*

MC LEOD, *in the* LIEUTENANT's *office, indicates* ARTHUR: Kindred. The Pritchett complaint.

LIEUTENANT: Admission?

MC LEOD: Yes.

LIEUTENANT: Step inside, lad.—In there. *He indicates an ante-room off right. ARTHUR exits off right. To* MC LEOD. Shut the door. MC LEOD *shuts door to the squad-room. The* LIEUTENANT *takes off his hat and jacket, tosses them onto*

the coat-rack. On Schneider—what's your poison angle?

MC LEOD, *subtly mimics the* LIEUTENANT's *speech:* Poison angle! None. Why?

LIEUTENANT, *looks up sharply:* His mouthpiece hinted at something or other.

MC LEOD: Fishing expedition.

LIEUTENANT: You sure?

MC LEOD: Sure, I'm sure. What did Mr. Sims imply?

LIEUTENANT, *takes off his shoulder holster, hangs it on the rack, transferring the revolver to his hip-pocket:* Just vague hints.

MC LEOD: You can write those on the air!

LIEUTENANT: What've you got? *Takes off his shirt, hangs it up.*

MC LEOD: Girl—Miss Harris in the hospital. Critical. I called the D.A.'s office. I'm taking Schneider over to the hospital for a positive identification. I've got a corroborating witness. I phoned her. She's on her way over here. And I want to get a signed statement from Schneider.

LIEUTENANT: How?

MC LEOD: "Persuasion."

JOE *saunters into the outer office.*

LIEUTENANT: Keep your big mitts off. That's an order.

MC LEOD: Were you ever in those railroad flats of his? Did you ever see that kitchen table covered by a filthy, bloodstained oilcloth on which Kurt Schneider performs his delicate operations?

LIEUTENANT, *crosses to desk, opens drawer, takes out shaving articles and towel:* This is an impoisonal business!

Your moral indignation is beginning to give me a quick pain in the butt. You got a Messianic complex. You want to be the judge and the jury, too. Well, you can't do it. It says so in the book. I don't like lawyers coming in here with photos. It marks my squad lousy. I don't like it—and I won't have it. You understand?

MC LEOD: Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT: Can't you say, "yes, sir," without making it sound like an insult? *Pause.*

MC LEOD, *the sting still in his voice*: Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT, *furious*: You're too damn superior, that's your trouble. For the record, I don't like you any more'n you like me; but you got a value here and I need you on my squad. That's the only reason you're not wearing a white badge again.

MC LEOD, *reaches in his pocket for his shield*: You wouldn't want it back now, would you?

LIEUTENANT: When I do, I'll ask for it.

MC LEOD: Because you can have it—with instructions.

LIEUTENANT, *controls himself*: Get what you can out of Schneider, but no roughhouse! You know the policy of this administration.

MC LEOD: I don't hold with it.

LIEUTENANT: What the hell ice does that cut?

MC LEOD: I don't believe in coddling criminals.

LIEUTENANT: Who tells you to?

MC LEOD: You do. The whole damn system does.

LIEUTENANT: Sometimes, McLeod, you talk like a maniac.

MC LEOD, *starts to speak*: May I . . .

LIEUTENANT: No! You got your orders. That's all.

MC LEOD: May I have the keys to the files, *sir*?

LIEUTENANT: You got to have the last word, don't you?
Tosses the keys on the desk, stalks off right.

DAKIS, *finishes finger-printing CHARLEY, waves him to the wash-room*: Charley, wash up! In there!

JOE, *to BRODY*: How many burglaries?

BRODY: Nine or ten.

A tall, slender girl enters and stands at the gate. Her face is handsome with a bony, freckled, intelligent, scrubbed handsomeness; wide, soft, generous lips, huge clear eyes, at the moment very troubled, indeed.

JOE: Any important names? Any good addresses?

BRODY, *moans*: We don't know yet. You'll get it. Don't rush us, will you, Joey?

YOUNG GIRL: Is Detective McLeod here?

CALLAHAN, *crosses up to gate*: Yes, Miss?

YOUNG GIRL: May I see Detective McLeod?

CALLAHAN: He's busy. Anything I can do for you? *He scrutinizes her, grins, a little "on the make."* I seen your face before?

YOUNG GIRL: No.

CALLAHAN: I never forget a face.

JOE *looks at her, then wanders into the* LIEUTENANT'S *office.*

YOUNG GIRL: You probably saw my sister.

CALLAHAN: Who's your sister?

YOUNG GIRL: Please tell him Miss Susan Carmichael is here.

CALLAHAN: Yes, Miss. Just a minute. *Replaces the cards in the files.*

MC LEOD, *in the* LIEUTENANT's office, *examining burglary sheets, still fuming at his* LIEUTENANT: Ignorant, gross ward-heeler!! Why don't you print the truth for once, Yussel?

JOE: Which truth?—Yours, his, theirs, mine?

MC LEOD: *The truth.*

JOE: Oh, that one? Who would know it? If it came up and blew in your ear, who would know it?

CALLAHAN, *pokes his head into the doorway, addresses* MC LEOD: Kid outside for you! *Returns to his files.*

JOE: A nice, tall, long-stemmed kid. *He sits down, picks his teeth, rambles on, almost to himself.* MC LEOD, *who is going through the files and grinding his teeth in anger, pays no heed to* JOE's reflections. I love these tall kids today. I got a nephew, 17, six-foot-three, blond hair, blue eyes. *Sucks his teeth.* Science tells us at the turn of the century the average man and woman's going to be seven-foot tall. Seven foot! That's for me. We know the next fifty years are gonna be lousy: war, atom-bombs, whole friggin' civilization's caving in. But I don't wake up at four A.M. to bury myself, any more. I got the whole thing licked—I'm skipping the next fifty years. I'm concentrating on the twenty-first century and all those seven-foot beauties. . . .

MC LEOD, *impatiently*: I've no time for a philosophic discussion today, Yussel. *Starts for outer office.*

JOE, *following, murmurs*: Don't throw water on McLeod. He goes rabid.

BARNES, *to CHARLEY as he comes out of wash-room*: O.K., Charley. Come with me. *They exit through gate.*

MC LEOD, *calls to O'BRIEN who is about to exit with LEWIS in tow*: Hey, John, I need eight or ten fellows up here for a line-up. Ask a couple of the men downstairs to get into civvies!

O'BRIEN: Line-up? Sure. *Exit.*

MC LEOD, *coming down to the desk, addresses the young lady at the gate*: Miss Carmichael?

SUSAN: Yes. I'm Susan Carmichael.

MC LEOD: Come in, please!

SUSAN, *enters through the gate, crosses down to the desk facing MC LEOD*: Are you the officer who phoned?

MC LEOD: Yes. I'm Detective McLeod.

SUSAN: Where's Arthur? What happened to him? What's this about?

MC LEOD: Did you contact your sister?

SUSAN, *hesitating*: N . . . no!

MC LEOD: Why not?

SUSAN: I couldn't reach her.

MC LEOD: Where is she?

SUSAN: Visiting some friends in Connecticut. I don't know the address. Where's Arthur? Is he all right?

MC LEOD: Yes. He's inside. How well do you know Arthur Kindred?

SUSAN: Very. All my life. We lived next door to each other in Ann Arbor.

MC LEOD: Kind of a wild boy, wasn't he?

SUSAN: Arthur?? Not at all. He was always very serious. Why?

MC LEOD: Did he give your sister any money?

SUSAN: My sister earns \$25 an hour. She's a very successful model. She averages \$300 to \$400 a week for herself. Will you please tell me what this is about?

MC LEOD: Let me ask the questions? Do you mind?

SUSAN: Sorry!

MC LEOD: Arthur was in the Navy?

SUSAN: Five years.

MC LEOD: He got a dishonorable discharge.

SUSAN: What are you talking about?

BRODY *becomes interested, edges over, listening.*

MC LEOD: That's a question.

SUSAN: You didn't punctuate it.

MC LEOD: Correction. *He smiles.* Did he?

SUSAN: Arthur was cited four times. He got the silver star. He carried a sailor up three decks of a burning ship. He had two ships sunk under him. He floated around once in the Pacific Ocean for seventeen hours with sharks all around him. When they picked him up, he was out of his head, trying to climb onto a concrete platform that wasn't there. He was in the hospital for ten weeks after that. Any more questions?

MC LEOD: What is his relationship to your sister?

SUSAN: I told you, we all grew up together.

MC LEOD: Is he in love with her?

SUSAN: My sister is one of the most beautiful girls in New York. A lot of men are in love with her. May I talk to Arthur now, please?

MC LEOD: He didn't give her any money, then?

SUSAN, *impatiently*: No.

MC LEOD: Did he give it to you?

SUSAN: Are you kidding?

MC LEOD: I'm afraid not. Your sister's boy-friend is in trouble.

SUSAN: What trouble?

MC LEOD: He's a thief.

SUSAN: Who says so?

MC LEOD: He does.

SUSAN: I don't believe you.

MC LEOD: Sit down. *He calls through door of the* LIEUTENANT'S *office, off right.* Arthur! In here!

ARTHUR *enters, sees SUSAN, stops in his tracks.*

SUSAN: Jiggs! What happened?

ARTHUR: Suzy! *He glares indignantly at MC LEOD.* Did you have to drag children into this?

MC LEOD, *ironically*: Now, Jiggs!

ARTHUR: Susan, you shouldn't have come here.

SUSAN: What happened?

ARTHUR: I took some money.

SUSAN: Who from?

ARTHUR: The man I worked for.

SUSAN: But why, Jiggs, why?

ARTHUR: None of your business.

BRODY, *scanning a list*: Say, Jim!

MC LEOD: Yes?

BRODY *beckons to him*. MC LEOD *turns up, talks to BRODY sotto voce*. ARTHUR *whispers to SUSAN, urgently*.

ARTHUR: Suzy, go home—quick—go home—get out of here.

SUSAN, *whispers*: Jiggs, what happened? Have you got a lawyer?

ARTHUR: No!

SUSAN: I'll phone Joy and tell her.

ARTHUR: Do you want to get her involved? There are newspapermen here. You want to ruin her career?

SUSAN, *whispering*: But, Jiggs—

ARTHUR, *whispering*: Get out of here, will you?

MC LEOD *returns*.

MC LEOD: Well, young lady—satisfied?

SUSAN: How much did he take?

MC LEOD: \$480.

ARTHUR: What's the difference? Will you please tell her to go home, Officer? She's only a kid.

SUSAN, *indignantly*: I'm not. I wish you'd . . .

ARTHUR: She shouldn't be here. She's got nothing to do with this.

MC LEOD: All right, young lady. I'm sorry to have bothered you. Have your sister get in touch with me as soon as you hear from her.

ARTHUR: What for? Don't you do it, Suzy—you don't have to. *To MC LEOD*. You're not going to get her involved in this.

MC LEOD: You shut up! *To SUSAN.* O.K. *Motions* SUSAN to go. *She bites her lip to keep from crying, and goes.*

BRODY, *comes down to* ARTHUR: Is it true that you carried a wounded sailor on your shoulders up three decks of a burning ship?

ARTHUR: Yes.

BRODY: Pretty good.

ARTHUR: Could I have that drink now? Please!

BRODY: Sure. *Crosses up to his files, takes out a bottle of whiskey, cleans a glass, pours a drink.* MC LEOD *ambles down to* KURT, *sipping coffee from a container.*

MC LEOD: You're looking pretty well, Kurt.

KURT: Could be better.

MC LEOD, *sits at typewriter, inserts a sheet of paper:*
How's the farm?

KURT: All right!

MC LEOD: Wasn't there a drought in Jersey this year?
Starts to type statement.

KURT: I irrigate my crops. I've got plenty of water.

MC LEOD: What do you raise?

KURT: Cabbage . . . Lettuce . . . Kale! Truck stuff!

MC LEOD, *typing:* That's the life. Picturesque country, North Jersey. Nice hills, unexpected!

KURT: Yes. How're things with you?

MC LEOD: This is one business never has a depression.
Drinks—surveys his container. They make a pretty good cup of coffee across the street.

KURT: Mm! So, so.

BRODY, *comes down, hands drink to* ARTHUR: Here you

are, son! *Crosses up again to replace bottle in his file.*
ARTHUR *tosses down the drink.*

MC LEOD, *types*: When I retire I'm going to buy myself, a little farm like yours, settle down. Does it really pay for itself?

KURT: If you work it.

MC LEOD: How much can a man average a year? *Types.*

KURT: Varies. Two thousand a good year.

MC LEOD: Clear? That's pretty good. *Types.*

KURT: Sometimes you lose a crop.

MC LEOD, *types*: How long you had that farm?

KURT: Eleven years.

MC LEOD: And you average two thousand a year? *Stops typing, fixes him with a sharp, searching glance.*

KURT: What's . . . ?

MC LEOD: Then how'd you manage to accumulate \$56,000 in the bank, Kurt? Hm? *Silence.* Hm, Kurt? How?

KURT: Who says I have?

MC LEOD: I do. I checked. \$56,000. That's a lot of kale. *Takes out a note-book from his pocket.* You got it in four banks. Passaic—Oakdale—two in Newark. Here are the figures. How'd you get that money, Kurt?

KURT: I got it honestly.

MC LEOD: How? How?

KURT: I don't have to tell you that.

MC LEOD: Oh, come on, Kurt. How? KURT *shakes his head.* Make it easy for yourself. You're still running that abortion mill, aren't you?

KURT: My name is Kurt Schneider—I live in Oakdale, New Jersey. That's all I have to answer.

MC LEOD: You operated on Miss Harris, didn't you?

KURT: No, I did not!

MC LEOD: She identified your picture. *He rips the sheet of paper out of the typewriter and sets it down before* KURT. Sign that, Kurt!

KURT: What is it?

MC LEOD: An admission.

KURT: You think I'm crazy.

MC LEOD: We've got you dead to rights. Make it easy for yourself.

KURT: I'm not saying anything more on advice of counsel!

MC LEOD: I'm getting impatient! You better talk, Kurt.

KURT: I'm standing on my Constitutional rights!

MC LEOD, *rising nervously, moving above the desk and down to* KURT: Hold your hats, boys, here we go again. *Looking down on* KURT *from behind him, murmurs softly.* You're lucky, Kurt. You got away with it once. But the postman rings twice. And this time we've got you, Kurt. Why don't you cop a plea? Miss Harris is waiting for you. We're going to visit her in the hospital. She's anxious to see you. And what you don't know is . . . There was a corroborating witness, and she's downstairs ready to identify you, right now. . . . You're getting pale, Kurt. *KURT laughs softly to himself.* What are you laughing at?

KURT: Nothing.

MC LEOD: That's right! That's just what you've got to laugh about—nothing. You're on the bottom of this joke.

KURT: Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not. Maybe somebody else is.

MC LEOD: What's that mean?

KURT: I know why you're out to get me.

MC LEOD: Why? . . . ~~KURT shakes his head.~~ Why, Kurt? This is your last chance. Do you want to talk?

KURT: My name is Kurt Schneider. I live in Oakdale, New Jersey. That's all I'm obliged to say by law.

MC LEOD: You should have been a lawyer, Kurt. A Philadelphia lawyer. *Crosses to the rail, shouts downstairs.* Line-up, Gus!

GUS, *off-stage, shouts up:* Coming. *He can be heard approaching singing the melody of The Rose of Tralee.*

MC LEOD, to DAKIS: Nick, put on your hat and coat for a line-up.

BRODY *crosses down to ARTHUR again.* ARTHUR *hands him the glass.*

ARTHUR: Thanks.

A pause. As BRODY looks at the boy, something of agony creeps into his face.

BRODY: My boy was in the Navy, too. The *Juneau*. Know her?

ARTHUR: She was a cruiser.

BRODY: Yeah.

ARTHUR: Didn't she go down with all hands? In the Pacific?

BRODY: There were ten survivors. He wasn't one of them.

ARTHUR: Too bad.

BRODY: Yeah! He was my only boy. It's something you never get over. You never believe it. You keep waiting for a bell to ring . . . phone . . . door. Sometimes I hear a voice on the street, or see a young fellow from the back, the set of his shoulders—like you—for a minute it's him. Your whole life becomes like a dream . . . a walking dream.

ARTHUR: Maybe he was one of the lucky ones.

BRODY: Don't say that!

ARTHUR: Why not?

BRODY: Because it wouldn't make sense then.

ARTHUR: Does it?

BRODY, *fiercely*: Yes, damn it! Yes.

MC LEOD: Say, Lou! Will you put on your hat and coat for a line-up?

Enter policemen in civilian clothes, and detectives putting on hats and coat, joking and laughing.

BRODY: Yeah.

MC LEOD: John, Nick, hat and coat!

The men line up.

DAKIS, *to* CHARLEY: Sit over there, Charley. *Indicates the bench.*

MC LEOD, *coming down to* KURT: Kurt. Put on your hat and coat. Pick your spot. End, middle, any place. No alibis later. KURT *finds a place in the line and stands there stiffly*. MC LEOD *calls off*. Come in, Miss Hatch. *Enter* MISS

HATCH, *a hard-looking young woman with hair bleached a lemon yellow. She wears an elaborate fur stole.* How do you do, Miss Hatch?

MISS HATCH: I'm fine, thank you. *Crosses down to* MC LEOD. MC LEOD *scrutinizes her, frowns.* What's the matter?

MC LEOD, *indicating the fur piece:* Rushing the season, aren't you?

MISS HATCH, *laughs nervously:* Oh!

MC LEOD: New?

MISS HATCH: Yes.

MC LEOD: Mink?

MISS HATCH: Uh, uh! Dyed squirrel! Looks real though, doesn't it?

MC LEOD: Mmm. It was nice of you to come down and help us. We appreciate that.

MISS HATCH: Don't mention it. Let's just get it over with, huh? I got an engagement. What do I— *She looks about for an ash tray in which to deposit her cigarette.*

MC LEOD: Throw it on the floor. *She obeys. He steps on it.* You have your instructions?

MISS HATCH: Yeah. I look at them all, then touch the one on the shoulder. *He nods. She walks slowly down the line, nervously scrutinizing the faces, a little too quickly to be convincing. She turns to* MC LEOD. He isn't here.

MC LEOD: You haven't looked.

MISS HATCH: I looked. Of course I did.

CALLAHAN: It's the new look.

MC LEOD: Just look, will you. Not at me. Over there.

MISS HATCH: I don't recognize anyone. I never saw any of them in my life before.

MC LEOD: You identified a picture of one of these men.

MISS HATCH: What are you trying to do . . . make me give you a wrong identification? Well, I ain't gonna do it.

• MC LEOD, *rubs his thumb and forefinger together, suggestively*: Do you know what this means?

MISS HATCH, *sharply*: Yeah. That's your cut on the side.

MC LEOD: You're fresh! *Phone rings. BRODY answers it.*

BRODY: 2-I Squad. Brody. *Conversation sotto voce.*

MC LEOD: I've a good mind to prefer charges against you.

MISS HATCH, *screams at him*: That's what I get for coming all the way downtown to help you. You cops are all the same. Give you a badge and you think you can push the world around.

MC LEOD: You identified one of these men. Now point him out or I'm going to throw you in the clink.

MISS HATCH: You'll do *what*?

BRODY *hangs up the phone, calls him to one side.*

BRODY: Jim!

MC LEOD: Yes?

BRODY, *in subdued tones*: That was the D.A.'s office. The Harris girl died.

MC LEOD: When?

BRODY: A couple of hours ago.

MC LEOD: Why weren't we informed?

BRODY: I don't know.

MCLEOD: There goes the case.

BRODY: The D.A. says just go through the motions. He can't get an indictment now. Just book him and forget it, he says.

MCLEOD: Sure, forget it. Let him fill the morgues! *Crosses over to* KURT. Congratulations, Kurt! The girl died. Sit down over there, Kurt. All right, Miss Hatch. You've earned your fur piece. I hope you'll enjoy it.

MISS HATCH, *flaring*: You can't talk to me that way. I'm no tramp that you can talk to me that way. Who the hell do you think you are anyway?

MCLEOD: Get out! Take a couple of drop-dead pills! Get lost!

MISS HATCH, *exit, murmuring*: Big cheese! See my lawyer about him.

MCLEOD: All right, men, thank you.

As they go, we hear snatches of the following conversation from the men.

GUS: I was waiting for her to put the finger on you, boy.

DAKIS: Me? Do I look like an ice-tong man?

O'BRIEN: Regular Sarah Heartburn.

CALLAHAN: One minute more we'd have gotten the witches' scene from *Macbeth*. *Exit*.

WILLIE, *the janitor, has entered during the above*.

WILLIE, *sweeping vigorously, muttering all the while*: Now look at this joint, will you? You filthy slobs. You live in a stable. *To* SHOPLIFTER. Come on, get up. *She rises. He sweeps right through her*. Wouldn't think I swept it

out an hour ago. Boy, I'd like to see the homes you bums live in, Pig pens, I bet. *Exit.*

MC LEOD, *crosses up to the duty chart, takes it off the wall, crosses down to the desk with it, murmuring for JOE's benefit: Why am I wasting my life here? I could make more driving a hack. I like books, I like music, I've got a wonderful, wonderful wife—I could get a dozen jobs would give me more time to enjoy the good things of life. I should have my head examined. All this work, these hours! What for? It's a phony. He removes the letters spelling out GALLAGHER and DAKIS, places them in the drawer, takes out other letters, inserts his name and BRODY's.*

JOE, *comes down:* Was she reached, you think?

MC LEOD: What do *you* think?

JOE: I don't know.

MC LEOD, *groans:* Oh, Yussel.

JOE: I don't know.

MC LEOD: *This is a phony. The thieves and murderers could have written the penal code themselves. Your democracy, Yussel, is a Rube Goldberg contraption. An elaborate machine a block long—you set it all in motion, 3,000 wheels turn, it goes PING. He crosses up again, replaces the chart on the wall.*

JOE: That's what's great about it. That's what I love. It's so confused, it's wonderful. *Crosses to MC LEOD.* After all, Seamus, guilt and innocence!—The epistemological question! Just the knowing . . . the mere knowing . . .

the ability to ken. Maybe he didn't do it. Maybe she can't identify him. How do you know?

BRODY enters, sits at desk.

MCLEOD: How do you know anything? You've got a nose, you can smell; you've got taste buds, you can taste; you've got nerve endings, you can feel; and, theoretically, you've got intelligence . . . you can judge.

JOE: Ah, ha! That's where it breaks down!

MCLEOD, *to* BRODY: Got an aspirin?

BRODY hands him a box of aspirin, MCLEOD takes the box and crosses over into the LIEUTENANT'S office. JOE follows him.

JOE: I was talking to Judge Mendez today. He just got on the bench last year, Seamus. Twenty-nine years a successful lawyer. He thought this would be a cinch. He's lost forty pounds. He's nervous as a cat. His wife thinks he has a mistress. He has:—The Law. He said to me, "Joe! I've got to sentence a man to death tomorrow. How can I do it? Who am I to judge? It takes a God to know!—To really know!"

MCLEOD, in LIEUTENANT'S office, draws a glass of water, tosses the aspirin into his mouth: Bunk!

JOE: I'm quoting Judge Mendez.

MCLEOD: Then he's a corrupt man, himself. All lawyers are, anyway. I say hang all the lawyers, and let justice triumph. *Washes down the aspirin with a drink, sits, takes off his tie, rolls up his sleeve, then slowly, with mounting bitterness.* Evil has a stench of its own. A child can spot it. I know . . . I know, Yussel. My own father

was one of them. No good he was . . . possessed. Every day and every night of my childhood I saw and heard him abuse and maliciously torment my mother. I saw that sadistic son-of-a-bitch of a father of mine with that criminal mind of his drive my mother straight into a lunatic asylum. She died in a lunatic asylum. *He controls himself*. Yes, I know it when I smell it. I learned it early and deep. I was fourteen and alone in the world. I made war on it. Every time I look at one of these babies, I see my father's face!

Phone rings in the outer office. BRODY answers.

BRODY: 2-1 Squad. Brody. *Pause*. Lock the door. Don't let him out! I'll be right over. *Hangs up, rushes into the inner office, grabs his hat and coat*. Say, Jim, there's a guy at O'Donovan's bar with a badge and gun, arresting a woman. Claims he's a cop. Might be, might be a shake-down. I'll be right back. Catch the phone for me! *Takes his gun out of the drawer and runs off.*

JOE, *runs after him*: Could be some shooting. Wait for me, baby! *Exit*.

MC LEOD *comes out of* LIEUTENANT's office, *his face grim, black, the veins in his temple standing out.*

MC LEOD, *to* KURT: You're a lucky man, Kurt. Kissed in your cradle by a vulture. So the girl died, Kurt.

KURT: That's too bad.

MC LEOD: What have you got, Kurt, in place of a conscience? KURT *starts to speak*. Don't answer!—I know—a lawyer. I ought to fall on you like the sword of God.

KURT: That sword's got two edges. You could cut your own throat.

MC LEOD, *takes out a cigarette, turns away to light it, his face twitching neurotically*: Look! The gate's open! While I'm lighting my cigarette—why don't you run for it? One second, you'll be out in the street.

KURT: I'll go free anyway. Why should I run?

MC LEOD: Give me the little pleasure—(*touching his gun*) of putting a hole in the back of your head.

KURT: You wouldn't do that. Talk!

MC LEOD: Is it?

KURT: You're an intelligent man. You're not foolish.

MC LEOD: Try me, Kurt. Why don't you? Go ahead, dance down that hall!

KURT, *smiles and shakes his head*: Soon as you book me, I'm out on bail. When I go to trial, they couldn't convict me in a million years. You know that. Even if I were guilty, which I'm not . . . The girl is dead. There are no witnesses. That's the law.

MC LEOD: You've been well briefed. You know your catechism.

KURT: I know more than my catechism!

MC LEOD: What, for example? KURT *smiles and nods*. What, Kurt? What goes on under that monkey-skull of yours, I wonder! KURT *is silent*. On your feet! KURT *looks up at MC LEOD's face, is frightened by its almost insane intensity*. MC LEOD *roars at him*. Get up!! KURT *rises*. Go in there! *Points to the LIEUTENANT's office*. KURT *goes into the LIEUTENANT's office*. MC LEOD *follows him, shuts the*

door. Sit down, Kurt. KURT *sits.* I'm going to give you a piece of advice. When the courts and the juries and the judges let you free this time, get out of New York. Go to Georgia. They won't extradite criminals to us. So, you see, Kurt, take my advice, go to Georgia, or go to hell, but you butcher one more girl in this city, and law or no law, I'll find you and I'll put a bullet in the back of your head, and I'll drop your body in the East River, and I'll go home and I'll sleep sweetly.

KURT: You have to answer to the law the same as I. You don't frighten me. Now, I'll give you some advice. I've got plenty on you, too. I know why you're so vindictive. And you watch your step! Because I happen to have friends, too, downtown . . . with pull, lots of pull!

MCLEOD: Have you? What do you know? Aren't you the big shot! *Pull!* Have you got any friends with *pull!* Like *that!* *Kicks him;* KURT *goes over, chair and all.*

KURT: Cut that out! You let me alone now. . . .
MCLEOD *grabs him by the lapels, pulls him to his feet.* You let me go! Let me go!

MCLEOD: No, Kurt! Everybody else is going to let you go. You got it all figured . . . exactly. The courts, the juries, the judges— *He slaps him.* Everybody except *me!* *He slaps him again.* KURT *starts to resist, growls and tries to push MCLEOD away.* MCLEOD *hits him in the belly.* KURT *crumples to the floor.* MCLEOD's rage subsides. *He sighs, disgusted with himself for losing his temper.* Why didn't you obey your lawyer and keep your mouth shut? All right! Get up, Kurt! Come on! Get up!

KURT, *moaning and writhing*: I can't . . . I can't . . . Something inside . . . broke! *He calls feebly*. Help! *He screams*: Help!

MC LEOD: Get up! You're all right. Get up!

KURT's *eyes roll up exposing the whites*.

LIEUTENANT MONOGHAN *enters quickly, wiping shaving-lather off his face with a towel*.

LIEUTENANT: What's going on? *He sees KURT, goes to him, bends down*.

KURT: Inside! It broke. He hurt me . . .

DAKIS *rushes in*.

LIEUTENANT: Take it easy, son, you'll be all right.

KURT: I feel terrible.

LIEUTENANT: Nick! Quick! Get an ambulance.

DAKIS: Yes, sir. *Goes to the phone, puts in a call*.

LIEUTENANT: Did he resist you?

GALLAGHER *enters on the double*.

MC LEOD: No.

LIEUTENANT: No? You lunatic! Didn't I just get through warning you. *To KURT who is on the floor, moaning in agony*. What happened?

KURT, *gasping for breath*: He tried to kill me!

LIEUTENANT: Why should he do that?

KURT: Tami Giacoppetti! . . . Same thing! . . . She got him after me too. . . . Tami Giacoppetti . . . KURT's *mouth opens and closes with scarcely any further sound emerging*.

LIEUTENANT: What? Tami Giacoppetti? Who's he? What about him? *Puts his ear to KURT's mouth*. A little

louder! Just try and talk a little louder, lad. KURT's *eyes close, his head falls back*. To GALLAGHER. Wet some towels! GALLAGHER *rushes to the wash-room*. DAKIS *loosens KURT's collar, tries to restore him to consciousness*. The LIEUTENANT *rises, confronts MC LEOD, glaring at him*. Who's Tami Giacoppetti?

MC LEOD: I've no idea.

LIEUTENANT: What's the pitch here, McLeod?

MC LEOD: He needled me. He got fresh. He begged for it, and I let him have it. That's all.

GALLAGHER *returns with several wet towels*. DAKIS *takes them from him, applies them to KURT's head*.

LIEUTENANT: Don't con me! That ain't all. Come on! Let's have it! What about this Tami Giacoppetti?

MC LEOD: I never heard of him.

GALLAGHER: Giacoppetti? I know him. A black-market guy. Runs a creep joint in the village.

KURT *groans*.

MC LEOD: He's putting on an act, Lieutenant. Can't you see . . .

KURT *groans*.

LIEUTENANT: This could be a very hot potato. If this man's hurt, the big brass'll be down here throwin' questions at me. And I'm going to have the answers. What plays between you two guys? What's he got on you? What's the clout?

MC LEOD: Nothing.

LIEUTENANT: Then what was his mouthpiece yellin' and screamin' about?

MC LEOD: Red herring. Red, red herring!

LIEUTENANT: That I'm gonna god-damn well find out for myself. There's something kinky about this. McLeod, if you're concealing something from me, I'll have your head on a plate. *To* GALLAGHER. This Giacoppetti! Find him and bring him in!

GALLAGHER: Yes, sir. *Goes.*

LIEUTENANT, *calls after him*: My car's downstairs. Use it.

GALLAGHER: Yes, sir.

The LIEUTENANT *bends down to* KURT. MC LEOD, *grim-faced, lights another cigarette.*

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Act Two

SCENE: *The scene is the same, fifty-four minutes later by the clock on the wall.*

AT RISE: *The lawyer, ENDICOTT SIMS, is closeted in the LIEUTENANT'S office, scolding the LIEUTENANT and MC LEOD. In the squad-room the SHOPLIFTER is reading the comics. ARTHUR is seated quietly, his head bowed in thought. DAKIS, the JANITOR and GUS are in a huddle, whispering, glancing over toward the LIEUTENANT'S door. BRODY is talking sotto voce to an excited man and woman, who are glaring at a tough-looking specimen. The setting sun is throwing long and ominous shadows into the darkening room.*

SIMS, fulminating at MC LEOD who pointedly ignores him by focusing attention on a hangnail: How dare you take the law in your own hands? Who are you to constitute yourself a court of last appeal?

LIEUTENANT, oil on the surging waters: Nah, Counselor . . .

The phone rings in the squad-room. BRODY crosses to answer.

BRODY: 21st Squad, Detective Brody . . . Yeah! . . . The Hospital! Yeah. How is he? Jotting notation.

SIMS: No, Lieutenant! This is a felony. Wheels back to

MC LEOD. I'm going to press a felonious assault here. So help me, I'm going to see you in jail!

MC LEOD, *calmly, biting the hangnail*: On which side of the bars, Counselor?

SIMS: Be careful. I'm an attorney and an officer of the court, and I don't like that talk.

MC LEOD: I'm an officer of the peace and I don't like collusion.

SIMS: What do you mean by that?

MC LEOD, *looks up, sharply*: By that I mean *collusion*. Subornation of witnesses, Counselor.

SIMS: What the devil are you talking about?

MC LEOD: I'm charging you with subornation.

SIMS: Your lips are blistering with lies.

MC LEOD, *sardonically*: Praise from an expert. I had a witness here today you bought off, Counselor.

SIMS: That's so absurd, I'm not even going to answer it.

MC LEOD: I'll prove it!

LIEUTENANT: All right! Cut it! Cut it out. Enough's enough.

SIMS, *to* LIEUTENANT: I intend to carry this to the Commissioner.

LIEUTENANT, *pushes the phone across the desk toward*

SIMS: Call him now. That's your privilege.

SIMS: And don't think *you're* entirely free of blame in this, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Me? What have I . . .

SIMS: I warned you personal motives are involved in this case. I was afraid this was going to happen. You

should have taken the necessary steps to prevent it. Luckily, I came armed with photos and affidavits.

LIEUTENANT: Mystery! Mystery! *What* motives?

MC LEOD, *rises*: Yes. Why don't you tell us? Let's get it out in the open! What are these motives?

SIMS: It is not to my client's interests to reveal them at this moment.

MC LEOD: Legal bull.

LIEUTENANT: I'm beginning to think so, myself.

SIMS: Sure. One hand washes the other.

BRODY *knocks at the door*.

LIEUTENANT: Come in!

BRODY: Phone, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT, *picks up the phone*: 21st Squad, Lieutenant Monaghan . . . Yeah . . . Yeah . . .

BRODY *returns to the squad-room, hangs up the phone*.

SIMS, *softly, to MC LEOD*: On what evidence do you make these serious charges?

MC LEOD, *taunting him*: The evidence of my intelligent observation.

SIMS: Insufficient, incompetent and irrelevant.

LIEUTENANT, *looks up, annoyed*: Sh! Sh! *Turns back to the phone*.

SIMS: You're pretty cagey, McLeod, but your tactics don't fool me for a second. You're not going to duck out of this so easily. You're in a position of responsibility here and you have to answer for your actions. You can't use your badge for personal vengeance. That doesn't go. The

public isn't your servant; you're theirs. You're going to be broken for this.

MC LEOD, *roaring back at him*: Go ahead! Break me! You're worse than the criminals you represent, Counselor. You're so damn respectable. Yet, look at you! The clothes you wear, your car downstairs, your house in Westchester, all bought with stolen money, tainted with blood.

LIEUTENANT: Shut up! I got the hospital.

SIMS: How is he? *They listen attentively.*

LIEUTENANT, *on phone*: Yes. Yes. I see. Keep in touch with me. Let me know right away. *Hangs up.* See, Counselor, it always pays to wait the event. There are no external lacerations on your client that would warrant a felony assault. They're now making X-rays and tests to see if there are any internal injuries. So far you haven't got a leg to stand on.

MC LEOD: Let him, let him! *To SIMS.* Bring your felony charge. It'll give me a chance to get your client on the stand and really tear his clothes off. And yours, too, Counselor.

LIEUTENANT: McLeod! Step outside!

MC LEOD *crosses out of the LIEUTENANT's office, shuts the door.*

BRODY, *murmurs to MC LEOD*: What's the score?

MC LEOD: Tempest in a teapot. *Turns to his personal file.*

SIMS: What kind of an officer is that?

LIEUTENANT: Detectives are like finger-prints. No two alike. He has his quoiks.

SIMS: The understatement of the year.

LIEUTENANT: We all got 'em. He has a value here. He's honest. He ain't on the take. I stand up for him on that. Got no tin boxes.

SIMS: I wasn't saying he had.

LIEUTENANT: I thought you was, maybe.

SIMS: No . . .

LIEUTENANT: Then what was you saying? I guess I fumbled it.

SIMS: I can't discuss it with you.

LIEUTENANT, *sarcastically*: I'd love to discuss it with someone. Who do you suggest?

SIMS: McLeod.

LIEUTENANT: Nah, Counselor!

SIMS: Or his wife!

LIEUTENANT, *looks up sharply*: His wife? What do you mean by that?

SIMS: Never mind! Skip it!

LIEUTENANT: You mentioned his wife. What do you mean by that? Look! I got to get a clear-up here. A little co-operation would go a long way.

SIMS: When it serves my client's interests . . . not before.

LIEUTENANT: Four years ago I threw my radio set the hell outa the window. You know why? Because, god-damn it, I hate mysteries.

SIMS, *smiles, shakes his head*: Lieutenant, I'm not free to discuss this, yet. *Looks at his watch*. Gouverneur Hospital?

LIEUTENANT: Yeah.

SIMS: I want to see my client. Will I be allowed in?

LIEUTENANT: Yeah, yeah.

SIMS: I'll be back. *He leaves the LIEUTENANT's office. In the squad-room, he pauses to confront MC LEOD.* I'll be back. I'm not through with you.

MC LEOD: I can't wait.

Exit SIMS.

BRODY, *to MC LEOD, indicating the tough, surly-looking character:* This creep was impersonating an officer.

WOMAN: I didn't know. I thought he might be a policeman. His badge looked real.

BRODY: A shake-down. After he got you outside he'd a taken all your money and let you go. You see, Mrs. Feeney, that's how we get a bad reputation. Now you will appear in court in the morning, won't you?

MRS. FEENEY: Oh, yes.

MR. FEENEY: Tomorrow morning? Hey! . . . I've got a job.

MRS. FEENEY: You'll explain to your boss. You'll just take off, that's all.

MR. FEENEY: But, Isabel . . .

MRS. FEENEY: He'll be there. Don't you worry. Thank you. Thank you. *They go off, arguing.*

BRODY, *to MC LEOD:* I'm going down to book this crumb-bum.

CRUMB-BUM, *aggressively:* What did you call me?

BRODY: A crumb-bum. Come on! *Exit BRODY and the glowering CRUMB-BUM.*

Inside, the LIEUTENANT squints at his cigar a moment, rises, bellows:

LIEUTENANT: McLeod!

MC LEOD, *crosses to the LIEUTENANT's door, opens it:* Yes, sir?

LIEUTENANT: What the hell is this about? What's he driving at? I want the truth.

MC LEOD: Lieutenant, I give you my solemn word of honor . . .

LIEUTENANT, *pauses, studies him, sighs, waves him out:* Shut the door!

MC LEOD *shuts the door and crosses to the desk. A sad-looking man appears at the gate.*

MC LEOD: Yes, sir? What can I do for you?

MAN: I want to report someone picked my pocket.

MC LEOD, *sitting at the desk:* Come in!

MAN, *exposes his back-side, revealing a patch cut out of his trousers:* Look! They cut it right out.

MC LEOD: They work that way, with a razor blade. Sit down! Did you see the man?

MAN: No. First I knew I was in a restaurant. *Sits down.* I ate a big meal, reached in my pocket to pay the check. Boy, I almost dropped dead. I'm lucky I'm not here under arrest myself.

MC LEOD, *smiles:* Yes. What's your name?

MAN: Gallantz, D. David.

MC LEOD: Address?

WILLY, *pail in one hand, broom in the other, taps GALLANTZ on the shoulder with the broom:* Git up!

GALLANTZ, *rises, staring at* WILLY: 419 West 80th Street.

WILLY, *bends down to the basket under the desk, empties the contents into his pail, muttering under his breath, rises heavily, paying no attention to anyone as he crosses off*: Look at this room, will you? Wouldn't think I cleaned up an hour ago! Detectives! The brains of the department?! Ha! Couldn't find a Chinaman on Mott Street. *Exit*.

MC LEOD: What did you lose?

GALLANTZ: My wallet.

MC LEOD, *writing*: Can you describe it?

GALLANTZ: Black leather.

MC LEOD, *picks up the phone*: Lost property. McLeod.

SHOPLIFTER, *lays down the newspaper, addresses* DAKIS: Have you got one of them two-way radio wrist-watches like Dick Tracy?

DAKIS: No.

SHOPLIFTER: Behind the times, ain't you?

DAKIS: Yeah, behind the behind.

SHOPLIFTER, *feels her pulse*: Gee, I think I'm getting a reaction. Emotions are bad for me. I got diabetes. I'm not supposed to get emotions.

DAKIS, *belches, then, indignantly*: I got ulcers—I'm not supposed to eat sandwiches. A hot meal was waiting for me at home. Do me a favor!—Next time get yourself arrested before four o'clock. Let a fellow eat a home-cooked meal.

SHOPLIFTER, *genuinely contrite*: I'm sorry.

DAKIS: Do you realize this is on my own time? *With*

mounting anger. Look at all these forms I had to type up. And when we get to court, what'll happen? The judge'll probably let you off. I won't even get a conviction. You cause me all this work for nothin'.

SHOPLIFTER: I'm sorry.

DAKIS: That's a big help.

In his office the LIEUTENANT fishes an address book out of his desk-drawer, thumbs through it for a number, reaches for the phone, dials.

MC LEOD, *hangs up.* To GALLANTZ: Sorry. Nothing yet. We'll follow it up. If we hear anything, we'll let you know.

GALLANTZ: Thanks! *As he goes, he looks mournfully at his exposed derrière.* My best pants, too. *Exit.*

LIEUTENANT, *on the phone:* Hello. Mrs. McLeod? This is Lieutenant Monoghan of the 21st. No, no! He's all right. Nothing like that!

The rest of his conversation is drowned out by the entrance of CALLAHAN, POLICEMAN BARNES, BRODY and CHARLEY, the burglar, all talking at once. CALLAHAN and BARNES are carrying two suitcases and several pillowcases filled with "loot" from CHARLEY's apartment. BRODY completes the parade, carrying more loot. CALLAHAN knocks at the LIEUTENANT's door.

LIEUTENANT: Come in!

CALLAHAN, *opens the LIEUTENANT's door, holds up the "loot":* Look what we found, boss. And by a strange coincidence—in Charley's apartment.

The LIEUTENANT covers the phone, nods approval.

BARNES, *unlocks* CHARLEY's *handcuffs*: Sit down! There! CHARLEY *sits in the designated chair*.

CALLAHAN: O'Brien is taking Lewis around to identify the houses.

LIEUTENANT: Good! *Waves him out*. Shut the door!

CALLAHAN *slams the door with his knee; then aided by MC LEOD and BRODY and DAKIS, he begins unloading the stolen goods*.

CALLAHAN, *holding up some "loot"*: Look at this! These jockeys sure get around! . . . The LIEUTENANT *picks up his phone and continues his conversation, which is drowned out by the racket in the squad-room as the men proceed to lay out and examine the stolen goods*. CALLAHAN *holds up an expensive clock, shakes it*. This worth anything?

MC LEOD, *examines it*: Very good piece—Tiffany. Where'd you get this, Charley?

CHARLEY: I bought it.

MC LEOD: Where?

CHARLEY: Outside the jewelry exchange. On the street.

MC LEOD: Who from?

CHARLEY: Some guy—

MC LEOD: What's his name?

CHARLEY: I don't know. I never saw him again.

MC LEOD: Or before?

CHARLEY, *nods*: Yeah.

MC LEOD: Or at all. The little man that wasn't there.

SHOPLIFTER, *feeling her pulse*: I am getting a reaction. Emotions are bad for me.

DAKIS, *checking a stolen article against a list*: Girls with diabetes shouldn't steal pink panties.

SHOPLIFTER: It wasn't pink pants.

DAKIS, *sighs*: I know.

SHOPLIFTER: It was a bag. . . .

DAKIS, *closes his eyes, sighs*: I know.

SHOPLIFTER: Alligator.

DAKIS: I know.

SHOPLIFTER: Imitation alligator.

DAKIS, *sorry he started it all*: I know.

BRODY, *holds up a piece of jewelry*: This any good?

MC LEOD, *examines it*: Junk! Wait! Here's something!

Monogrammed: J. G. *Checks with list*. Sure. This is some of the Gordon stuff. Where'd you get this, Charley?

CHARLEY, *hangs his head, disgusted*: I ain't talking.

BRODY: Where?

CHARLEY *shakes his head*.

CALLAHAN: Where'd you get it, Charley? *Takes out a "billy."* Know what this is? A "persuader." *Bangs it on the desk.*

CHARLEY: Go ahead! Beat me! Beat me unconscious. Go ahead!

The janitor enters.

CALLAHAN, *laughs, puts the "persuader" away*: You're too eager, Charley. Some-a them creeps like it, you know. Gives 'em a thrill. Look at that kisser! I'm a son-of-a-bitch, I'm right.

BRODY, *holding up a piece of silver*: Where'd you get this, Charley?

CHARLEY *hangs his head.*

DAKIS, *annoyed, walks over to him:* Why don't you be professional, Charley. He's talking to you. . . . What's the matter? What are you hanging your head for? What are you ashamed of? Nobody made you be a burglar. You wanted to be a burglar—you're a burglar. So be a good one! Be proud of your chosen profession! Hold your head up. DAKIS *lifts CHARLEY's head up by the chin.* That's better. You're a good thief, Charley. You're no bum. They wear sweaters. Not you!—You got a hundred-dollar suit on. You . . . Wait a minute! *Opens CHARLEY's coat, looks at label.* Take it off, you bum. Stolen! The name's still in it. Where'd you get it?

CHARLEY, *takes off the coat, talking fast:* You mean it's stolen? O.K. O.K. I'll tell you the whole story . . . may I drop dead on this spot.

CALLAHAN: On this one? Be careful, Charley.

CHARLEY, *faster and faster, the nervous hands weaving in the air:* Honest! The truth! But don't tell Lewis!—He'll kill me. He makes out like he's a dummy, don't he? He ain't. He's smart. Ooh, he's as smart as they come. Look . . . I just been in New York two weeks. I came here from Pittsburgh two weeks ago. So help me. I lose my valise in the station. I meet this guy, Lewis, in a poolroom. . . .

CALLAHAN: Where? What poolroom?

CHARLEY: 14th Street, corner of 7th Avenue . . . Look it up! Check it! I'm telling you the truth, so help me. I shoot a game of pool with him. He says to me, "You

got a place to stay?" I says, "No." He says, "Share my flat." I say, "O.K." My suit's all dirty. He lends me this one. Says it belongs to his brother who's in Florida. *Pause. He looks up at the unbelieving faces circling him, smiles feebly.* So help me.

CALLAHAN: Charley, my boy—I could tell you a story would bring tears to your eyes. Get in there and take off your pants! *He pushes CHARLEY into the wash-room.*

BRODY: Willy! Got an old pair of pants?

WILLY: Yeah, I got some downstairs! *Exit.*

BRODY: Not even smart enough to take out the label. The name's still in it. Jerome Armstrong . . .

CALLAHAN, *examining his list*: Wait! I got that squeal right here. I think there was a rape connected with this one.

BRODY: I wouldn't be surprised. *Leaves the door of the toilet for a second. Goes to the desk, picks up the lists.*

LIEUTENANT, *calls*: Dakis!

DAKIS *hurries to the* LIEUTENANT'S *door, opens it.*

DAKIS: Yes, sir?

LIEUTENANT, *beckons him in; then, softly*: Wait downstairs for Mrs. McLeod. When she gets here let me know foist.

DAKIS, *startled, murmurs*: Right, Chief.

LIEUTENANT: And . . . a . . . Nick . . . *Touches his lips.* Button 'em up.

DAKIS: Yes, sir.

As he crosses to the gate, he glances at MC LEOD, his forehead furrows. Exit. The LIEUTENANT studies his cigar,

frowns, goes off. Through the little window we see CHARLEY throw up the bathroom shade and tug at the iron grill-work. MC LEOD crosses to the wash-room door, calls in.

MC LEOD: The only way you can get out of there, Charley, is to jump down the toilet and pull the chain.

JOE FEINSON *comes in, tense and disturbed. He glances at MC LEOD curiously, comes over to BRODY.*

JOE: Lot of loot. They do the Zaza robbery?

BRODY, *calls in to CHARLEY*: You robbed that Zaza dame's flat, Charley?

CHARLEY, *calls out*: I don't know nuttin'!

BRODY: He don't know from nuttin'!

CALLAHAN: He's ignorant and he's proud of it.

JOE: Any good names?

BRODY: Don't know yet—

JOE: Any good addresses?

BRODY: They're taking the other bum around. He's identifying the houses. We'll crack it in an hour.

JOE, *saunters over to MC LEOD*: What's with Kurt Schneider?

MC LEOD: No story.

JOE: He left here twenty-five minutes ago in an ambulance. What happened? He trip?

MC LEOD: Yes.

JOE: Over his schnozzola?

MC LEOD: Could have. It's long enough.

JOE: No story?

MC LEOD: No.

JOE: His lawyer's sore as a boil. What happened?

MC LEOD: You tell me. You always have the story in your pocket.

JOE: Look, Seamus! There are angles here I don't feel happy about.

MC LEOD: What angles?

JOE: I don't know . . . yet. Come! Give! Off the record.

MC LEOD: You can print it if you want to. Kurt Schneider was a butcher who murdered two girls and got away with it. High time somebody put the fear of God in him. The law wouldn't, so I did. Print it, Yussel. Go ahead. You don't like cops. Here's your chance.

JOE: I don't like cops? For a smart guy, Seamus, you can be an awful schmoe. If I got fired tomorrow, you'd still find me here, hanging around, running errands for you guys, happy as a bird dog! I'm a buff from way back. I found a home. You know that.

MC LEOD: Sentimental slop, Yussel.

A short, stout, timid man enters and looks about apprehensively.

JOE: My sixth sense is still bothering me, Seamus.

MC LEOD: Have a doctor examine it. *To the newcomer.* Yes, sir? *The nervous man looks about, moistens his lips with his tongue, mops his brow, starts to speak.* MC LEOD recognizes him. Oh! Come in, Mr. Pritchett. We've been waiting for you.

MR. PRITCHETT: Did you get my money back?

MC LEOD: I'm afraid not.

MR. PRITCHETT: What'd he do with it?

MC LEOD: Women and plush saloons.

MR. PRITCHETT: Cabarets? I wouldn't have thought it. He seemed such an honest boy. I don't make many mistakes. I'm a pretty good student of human nature . . . usually.

MC LEOD: You'll be in court tomorrow morning?

MR. PRITCHETT: Oh, yes.

MC LEOD: We can count on you?

MR. PRITCHETT: When I make my mind up, I'm like iron.

MC LEOD: Fine! Thank you, Mr. Pritchett.

MR. PRITCHETT: Like iron.

MC LEOD: Arthur, on your feet! ARTHUR *rises*. Is this the boy?

MR. PRITCHETT, *with a huge sigh*: I'm afraid it is.

MC LEOD: Arthur, over here. ARTHUR *crosses to them*. *The phone rings*. MC LEOD *goes to the desk, picks up the receiver*. 21st Squad! McLeod!

BARNES, *at the wash-room door*: All right, Charley. *He leads CHARLEY back into the squad-room*. CHARLEY *is now wearing an ill-fitting, torn and filthy pair of trousers at which the eloquent hands pantomime disgust*.

MR. PRITCHETT: Well, Arthur, is this your journey's end?

ARTHUR: I guess so.

MR. PRITCHETT: Did I treat you badly?

ARTHUR: No, Mr. Pritchett.

MR. PRITCHETT: Did I pay you a decent salary?

ARTHUR: Yes.

MR. PRITCHETT: Then why did you do this to me?

SUSAN *appears at the gate.*

SUSAN, *catches MC LEOD's eyes:* May I? *He nods. She enters, fumbling in her purse.*

MR. PRITCHETT, *to ARTHUR:* You spent my money on fast women?

ARTHUR: Just a second . . .

MR. PRITCHETT: No! I didn't grow my money on trees. I built up my business from a hole in the wall where I sold neckties two for a quarter. Thirty years I built it. By the sweat of my brow. I worked darn hard for it. I want my money back.

SUSAN: And you'll get it. I promise you. *She takes some money out of her purse.* The bank was closed. All I could scrape together, tonight, was \$120. *She hands the money to MR. PRITCHETT.* I'll have the rest for you tomorrow.

ARTHUR: Susan! Take that back!

SUSAN: Let me alone! Don't interfere, Jiggs!

MR. PRITCHETT: Who is this? Who are you, Miss?

SUSAN: I'm an old friend of Mr. Kindred's family. And I'd like to straighten this out with you, Mister . . . What is your name?

MR. PRITCHETT: Pritchett, Albert J. Pritchett.

SUSAN: Mr. Pritchett. How do you do? I'm Susan Carmichael.

MR. PRITCHETT: How do you do? You say you're prepared to return the rest of my money, young lady?

SUSAN: Yes. I'll sign a promissory note, or whatever you suggest.

MC LEOD, *into the phone*: One second! *To SUSAN*. Where'd you get that cash, Miss Carmichael?

SUSAN: I had some and I pawned some jewelry. Here are the tickets. Do you want to see them?

MC LEOD: If you don't mind. *Takes them, examines them*. Anything of your sister's here?

SUSAN: Nothing. Not a bobby pin.

MR. PRITCHETT: Is this the young lady who . . .

ARTHUR: No. She doesn't know anything about it.

SUSAN: I know all there is to know. *To MR. PRITCHETT*. Mr. Pritchett, this whole mess you can blame on *my sister*.

ARTHUR: What's the matter with you, Suzy? What are you dragging Joy into this for? She's got nothing to do with it.

SUSAN: Hasn't she?

ARTHUR: No.

SUSAN: I've got news for you. I just spoke to her on the phone. *Pause*.

ARTHUR: You didn't tell her?

SUSAN: Of course I did.

ARTHUR: What'd she say?

SUSAN: She was upset.

ARTHUR: Naturally, she would be. You shouldn't have . . .

SUSAN: Naturally! My blue-eyed sister was in a tizzy because she didn't want to get involved in your troubles.

You know where I called her? At Walter Forbes' in Connecticut. She's afraid this might crimp her chances to be the next Mrs. Forbes. . . . Big deal!

ARTHUR: I know, Suzy. That's not news to me. I know.

SUSAN: Till ten minutes ago, I thought my sister was the cherub of the world. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done for her. But if she can do this to you—to you, Jiggs—then I don't want any part of her. And I mean that. I'm through with her. I loathe her.

ARTHUR: Suzy! Take it easy.

SUSAN: All my life everything I wanted Joy got. All right! I didn't mind. I felt she was so special. She was entitled to be Queen. But now I'm through.

ARTHUR: Suzy, maybe you don't understand. Like everybody else, Joy is frightened. She wants to grab a little security. Don't blame her for it. I don't.

SUSAN: Security? You've seen Walter Forbes. He's had four wives. He gets falling-down drunk every single night of his life. Some security!

ARTHUR: He's very rich. You can't have everything.

SUSAN: Jiggs! Don't! Don't you be disgusting, too. To MR. PRITCHETT. Should I make out a note for the rest?

MCLEOD: Wait a minute. *He hangs up the phone, crosses to MR. PRITCHETT, takes the money from him and hands it back to SUSAN.* We don't run a collection agency here! This man is a thief. We're here to prosecute criminals, not collect money.

Detective DAKIS enters, crosses into the LIEUTENANT'S office.

SUSAN: He's not a criminal.

MC LEOD: Miss Carmichael, you seem like a very nice young lady. I'm going to give you some advice. I've seen a thousand like him. *He's no good!* Take your money and run.

DAKIS, *to the* LIEUTENANT: She's downstairs.

LIEUTENANT, *grunts, rises, goes to the door, calls:* McLeod!

MC LEOD: Yes, sir?

LIEUTENANT: Get me the old files on that Cottsworth squeal!

MC LEOD, *thinks:* 1938?

LIEUTENANT: Yeah.

MC LEOD: March 12th . . . LIEUTENANT *nods*. That'll be buried under a pile inside, I'll have to dig them up.

LIEUTENANT: Dig 'em up! Do it now!

MC LEOD: Yes, sir. *As he crosses off left, he throws his judgment at ARTHUR and SUSAN.* He spells one thing for you—*misery* the rest of your life. He's no good. Believe me, I know! *Exit.*

SUSAN, *indignantly:* That isn't true! *To* MR. PRITCHETT. That isn't true. I've known Arthur all my life. He never did anything before that was dishonorable. He was the most respected boy in Ann Arbor.

The LIEUTENANT *nods to* DAKIS, *who goes off to bring up* MRS. MC LEOD. BRODY *crosses down, listening to* SUSAN *and* MR. PRITCHETT.

MR. PRITCHETT: Little lady, once I saw a picture, *Less Miserables*.—A dandy! That was before your time. This



700 1000
100 1000
100 1000
100 1000



Gene Valjeane—his sister's nine children are starving. He steals a loaf of bread. He goes to jail for—I don't know—twenty years. I'm on Gene Valjeane's side there. Impressed me very much. I gave a little talk on it at my lodge. . . . But this? I don't go along with. He wasn't starving. He had a good job. He went cabareting . . . with my money. Heck, I don't go to them myself!

BRODY: Mr. Pritchett, maybe once a year we get someone in here steals because he's actually hungry. And we're all on his side. I'd do the same, wouldn't you?

MR. PRITCHETT: Absolutely. I always say self-preservation is the first law of nature.

BRODY: But that's one in a thousand cases.

MR. PRITCHETT: Exactly my point! And what did *he* do it for?

ARTHUR, *softly*: I did it because I was hungry.

MR. PRITCHETT: What?

ARTHUR: Hungry. You can be hungry for other things besides bread. You've been decent to me, Mr. Pritchett. You trusted me, and I let you down. I'm sorry . . . It's hard to explain, even to myself. I'd been separated from my girl for five years—five long, bloody years! The one human being in the world I loved. She's very beautiful, Mr. Pritchett. Tall, a silvery blonde girl, warm, understanding.

SUSAN: Jiggs, don't!

ARTHUR: At least she was. She was, Susan. We all change. When I came back from the war, I tried going back to school, but I couldn't get settled. I came to New

York just to be near her. She'd moved on into a new world. She was out of my reach. I should have accepted that. I couldn't. To take her out to dinner and hold her hand cost a month's salary. I hung on anyway. Last Wednesday I had to face it. I was going to lose my girl. She told me she wanted to marry someone else. I made a final grandstand play for her. Late collections had come in. Your money was in my pocket. I blew the works on her. I didn't give a damn about anything except holding on to her. It was my last chance. I lost anyway. . . .

BRODY: You admit you did wrong?

ARTHUR: Yes, God, yes!

BRODY: You're willing to make restitution?

ARTHUR: If I get the chance.

SUSAN: Tomorrow morning. I promise you!

BRODY: That's in his favor. How do you feel, Mr. Pritchett?

MR. PRITCHETT: Well . . .

BRODY: This kid has a fine war record, too, remember.

MR. PRITCHETT: I know.

BRODY: He took a lot of chances for us. Maybe we ought to take one for him. You see, these kids today got problems nobody ever had. We don't even understand them. New blood. We're varicosed. If a new world is gonna be made outa this mess looks like they're the ones gotta do it.

MR. PRITCHETT: It's funny you should say that. I was talking to my brother-in-law only the other night about

my nephew and I made exactly that point. I was saying to him . . .

BRODY: Mr. Pritchett, do you mind stepping over here a minute?

MR. PRITCHETT: Not at all! *Rises, follows him.*

BRODY: You, too, Miss!

SUSAN *follows* BRODY *off left.*

CHARLEY, *stamps his foot*: Give me another cigarette.

BARNES: What do you do? Eat these things?

CHARLEY: Give me a cigarette!

BARNES *gives him another cigarette.*

DAKIS *enters, leading* MRS. MC LEOD *to the* LIEUTENANT'S office. MARY MC LEOD *is a pretty young woman, with blonde hair, big gray, troubled eyes, a sweet mouth and delicate nose. She is inexpensively but attractively dressed. There is something immediately appealing about her. She is very feminine and very soft, and at the moment her evident terror augments these qualities.*

JOE, *sees her, is startled, rises, stops her*: How do you do, Mrs. McLeod! Remember me? I'm Joe Feinson, the reporter.

MARY, *disturbed and overwrought, studies him for a split second, then recalls him*: Oh, yes, of course. I met you with my husband. *Her mouth trembles.* JOE *smiles, nods*. What's happened to Jim?

JOE, *grins, reassuringly*: Nothing. He's all right. He's in there.

MARY: Mr. Feinson, please tell me!

JOE: I am.

DAKIS: This way, please . . . *She follows him into the*
LIEUTENANT'S *office.*

LIEUTENANT: How do you do, Mrs. McLeod?

MARY: Lieutenant Monaghan?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, mam.

MARY: What is this about, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Have a seat?

MARY: Where's my husband?

LIEUTENANT: He'll be back in a few minutes.

MARY: He hasn't been *shot*?

LIEUTENANT, *reassuringly*: No!

MARY: I had a terrible feeling that he . . .

LIEUTENANT: Nothing like that. He's all right.

MARY: You're sure? You're not trying to break it easy?

LIEUTENANT: Nothing like that! I give you my word.
You'll see him in a few minutes.

MARY: Then what is it? What's wrong?

LIEUTENANT: A certain situation has come up, and you
might be able to help us out.

MARY: Me? . . . I'm all at sea, Lieutenant!

LIEUTENANT: Mrs. McLeod, your husband and I never
got along too well, but I want you to know that right
now I'm sticking my neck out a mile to save him. I'm not
doing it because I like him—I don't. I'm doing it because
he has a value here and I need him on the squad. So, like
I say, I'm going to help him, if you help me.

MARY: What kind of trouble is Jim in?

LIEUTENANT: A prisoner here was assaulted, maybe in-
jured, by your husband.

MARY: Jim wouldn't do that.

LIEUTENANT: He did. You'll have to take my word for it.

MARY: Then there must have been a reason. A very good reason.

LIEUTENANT: That's what I have to find out.

MARY: Jim is kind and gentle.

LIEUTENANT: That's one side of him.

MARY: It's the only side I know. I've never seen any other. *Pause.*

LIEUTENANT: Please sit down!

MARY: Is this man badly hurt?

LIEUTENANT: I don't know yet. This could become serious, Mrs. McLeod. This might cost your husband his job. He could even wind up in jail.

MARY, *sinks into the chair*: How can I help?

LIEUTENANT: By answering some questions. By telling me the truth. Are you willing to go along?

MARY: Yes, of course.

LIEUTENANT: Did you ever run into a man named Kurt Schneider?

MARY, *hoarsely*: No. *Coughs.*

LIEUTENANT: My cigar bothering you?

MARY: No. I love the smell of a cigar. My father always smoked them.

LIEUTENANT: Did you ever hear your husband mention that name?

MARY: What name?

LIEUTENANT: This prisoner's name. Kurt Schneider.

MARY, *shakes her head*: Jim made it a rule never to discuss his work with me.

LIEUTENANT: It's a good rule. We don't like to bring this sordid stuff into our homes.

MARY: I'm well trained now. I don't ask.

LIEUTENANT: How long you been married?

MARY: Three years.

LIEUTENANT: It took me ten years to train my wife. It's a tough life—being married to a cop.

MARY: I don't think so. I'm happy.

LIEUTENANT: You love your husband?

MARY: Very much.

LIEUTENANT: Where did you live before you were married?

The phone in the squad-room rings.

DAKIS, *picks up the receiver*: 21st Squad—Detective Dakis.

MARY: New York.

LIEUTENANT: You don't sound like a native. Where you from? Upstate?

MARY: Highland Falls. You've got a good ear.

LIEUTENANT: It's my business.

DAKIS, *knocks at the LIEUTENANT's door, opens it*: Captain on the phone, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT, *nods to MRS. MCLEOD*: Excuse me! . . . *He picks up the phone, turns away from her, and talks into the mouthpiece sotto voce. In the squad-room, the SHOPLIFTER rises and stretches.*

SHOPLIFTER, *coily to* CALLAHAN, *who is at the desk, typing*: You don't look like a detective.

CALLAHAN: No? What does a detective look like?

SHOPLIFTER: They wear derbies. *She giggles archly.* You're a nice-looking fellow.

CALLAHAN: Thanks.

SHOPLIFTER: Are you married?

CALLAHAN: Yes.

SHOPLIFTER, *disgusted—this is the story of her life*: Ya-a-a! *She slaps the paper on the chair, sits down again.*

LIEUTENANT: Thanks, Captain! *Hangs up, turns to* MRS. MC LEOD, *resumes his interrogation.* When'd you leave Highland Falls?

MARY: The spring of 1941. I got a job in a defense plant.

LIEUTENANT: Where?

MARY: In Newark.

LIEUTENANT: This doctor was practicing in Newark at about that time.

MARY: Doctor?

LIEUTENANT: Schneider.

MARY: Oh, he's a doctor?

LIEUTENANT: Yes. You never met him? Around Newark, maybe?

MARY: No. I don't know him.

LIEUTENANT: He knows you.

MARY: What makes you think that?

LIEUTENANT: He said so.

MARY, *avoids his probing stare*: I'm afraid he's mistaken.

LIEUTENANT: He was positive . . . Kurt Schneider! Ring any bells?

MARY: No. I'm afraid not.

LIEUTENANT: You averted my gaze then. Why?

MARY: Did I? I wasn't conscious of it.

LIEUTENANT: Are you sure a Dr. Schneider never treated you?

MARY, *indignantly*: Certainly not. I just told you, "No."

LIEUTENANT: Why are you so indignant? I didn't say what he treated you for.

MARY: Did this man tell my husband he treated me?

LIEUTENANT: If you'll tell the truth, Mrs. McLeod, you'll help your husband. You'll save me time and trouble. But that's all. In the end I'll get the correct answers. We got a hundred ways of finding out the truth.

MARY: I don't know what you're talking about, Lieutenant. I'm not lying.

DETECTIVE GALLAGHER *enters with* TAMI GIACOPPETTI, *handsome, swarthy, on the sharp, loud side, very sure of himself, very sure.*

GIACOPPETTI: Can I use the phone, Champ?

GALLAGHER: Not yet, Tami. *Knocks at the* LIEUTENANT'S *door.*

GIACOPPETTI: O.K., Champ.

LIEUTENANT: Yeah! GALLAGHER *enters and hands a note to the* LIEUTENANT. *The* LIEUTENANT *glances at it, pockets it and dismisses* GALLAGHER *with a gesture.* Mrs. McLeod, I'm going to ask you a very personal question. Now, don't get angry. I would never dream of asking any woman

this type of question unless I had to. You must regard me as the impersonal voice of the law. Mrs. McLeod, did Dr. Schneider ever perform an abortion on you?

MARY: You've no right to ask me that.

LIEUTENANT: I have to do my job—and my job is to find out the truth. Let's not waste any more time! Please answer that question!

MARY: It seems to me I have some rights to privacy. My past life concerns nobody but me.

LIEUTENANT: You have the right to tell the truth. Did he?

MARY: No, Lieutenant Monaghan, he did not.

LIEUTENANT: Does this name mean anything to you: Tami Giacoppetti?

MARY: No.

The LIEUTENANT goes to the door, beckons. GALLAGHER nudges TAMI, who walks inside, sees MARY, stops in his tracks. The smile on his face fades.

GIACOPPETTI, *very softly*: Hello, Mary. *She withers, all evasion gone, her head droops as she avoids their glances.*

LIEUTENANT, *to MRS. MC LEOD, indicating the ante-room*: Would you mind stepping in here a minute! *To GIACOPPETTI. Be right with you. He leads her into the ante-room.*

Whistling a gay tune, DETECTIVE O'BRIEN enters the squad-room, followed by the burglar, LEWIS, and a COP.

BARNES: Here's your boy friend, Charley!

DAKIS: How'd you do?

O'BRIEN: We got the addresses and most of the names.

DAKIS: How many?

O'BRIEN: Nine. *To* LEWIS. Sit down! Over here! Lewis has been very co-operative.

CALLAHAN *has taken off his coat and puts his gun in his holster again. As he bends down over the desk,* CHARLEY *eyes the gun, tries to edge over, stands up.*

CALLAHAN: Whither to, Charley?

CHARLEY: I got to go.

CALLAHAN: Again? This makes the sixth time.

CHARLEY: Well, I'm noivous.

BARNES: Sit down, Charley!

CALLAHAN: He's noivous, poor kid.

O'BRIEN: He needs a vacation.

DAKIS: He's gonna get one. A long one. At state expense.

CALLAHAN, *dialing a number*: Nuttin's too good for Charley. *On phone.* Hello, Mrs. Lundstrom? This is Detective Callahan of the Twenty-foist Precinct. We got that property was burglarized from your apartment. Will you please come down and identify it? Yeah! Yeah! We got 'em. Right. Yes, Ma'am. *Hangs up, looks at the squeal card, dials another number.*

O'BRIEN, *on phone, simultaneously*: Hello, Mr. Donatello, please . . . Mr. Donatello? This is Detective O'Brien of the 21st Squad. Yes, sir. I think we've caught them. Yes. I have some articles here. Not all. Would you mind coming down to the station house and identifying them? Right. *He hangs up.*

CALLAHAN, *on phone*: Hello! Mrs. Demetrios? This is Detective Callahan. Remember me? Twenty-foist Squad. Yeah. I'm still roarin'! How are you, Toots? *Laughs,*

Retain match? Where's your husband tonight? Okay. MC LEOD *enters with an ancient bundle of records wrapped in a sheet of dusty paper and tied with twine. He is blowing off clouds of dust.* I'll be off duty after midnight. *Starts to hang up, suddenly remembers the purpose of the phone call.* Oh, by the way, we got that stuff was boiglarized from your apartment. Come down and identify it. O.K., yuh barracuda! *Hangs up.* A man-eater.

O'BRIEN: You watch it!

CALLAHAN: What I don't do for the good of the soivice. I should be getting foist-grade money.

MC LEOD, *undoing the package*: You'll be getting a "foist"-grade knock on the head.

CALLAHAN, *disdainfully*: Brain trust. *He walks away.*

BRODY, *approaches* MC LEOD: Say, Jim. I had a long talk with Mr. Pritchett and he's willing to drop the charges.

MC LEOD: He is? *Turns to* MR. PRITCHETT. What's this about, Mr. Pritchett?

MR. PRITCHETT: I decided not to bring charges against . . . *Nods toward* ARTHUR.

MC LEOD: I thought you were going to go through with this.

MR. PRITCHETT: I'd like to give the boy another chance.

MC LEOD: To steal from someone else?

MR. PRITCHETT: I wouldn't want this on my conscience.

MC LEOD: Supposing he commits a worse crime. What about your conscience then, Mr. Pritchett?

MR. PRITCHETT: I'll gamble. I'm a gambler. I bet on horses—this once I'll bet on a human being.

MC LEOD: Stick to horses—the percentage is better.

BRODY: Wait a minute, Jim. I advised Mr. Pritchett to do this. I thought . . .

MC LEOD, *harshly*: You had no right to do that, Lou. This is my case. You know better.

BRODY: I didn't think you'd mind.

MC LEOD: Well, I do.

BRODY, *angrily*: Well, I'm sorry!!

SUSAN: But I'm going to return the money. And if he's satisfied, what difference does it make to you?

MC LEOD: It isn't as easy as that. This isn't a civil action: this is a *criminal* action.

GUS, *enters with sheet in his hand*: Jim! Look at this sheet on Charley! MC LEOD *takes it, studies it*. As long as your arm. *To* BARNES. Keep your eye on that son-of-a-bitch!

MC LEOD, *studying the sheet grimly*: Hm! *He crosses with* GUS *to the gate, exits into the hallway*.

MR. PRITCHETT, *to* BRODY: But you said . . .

BRODY: I'm sorry. I made a mistake. It's his case. The disposition of it is up to him.

SUSAN: But if everybody concerned is . . .

BRODY: I'm sorry, girlie. You gotta leave me outa this. I got no right to interfere. Take it up with him. *Walks off left leaving* SUSAN *and* PRITCHETT *suspended in mid-air*. SUSAN *sinks into a chair awaiting* MC LEOD's *return, glancing off despairingly in his direction*. PRITCHETT *walks up to the gate, leans on it, looking off into the hallway*. The LIEUTENANT *returns to his office from the ante-room*.

GIACOPPETTI, *rises*: What's this about, Champ?

LIEUTENANT: Sit down, Tami! *Picks up* TAMI's *hat from the desk, looks at the label in it.* Dobbs Beaver? *Impressed.* A twenty-buck hat. You must be rolling. *Hands* TAMI *his hat.*

GIACOPPETTI, *taking it*: Forty bucks. I'm comfortable. No complaints. What's on your mind, Champ?

LIEUTENANT: The woman you just said hello to.

GIACOPPETTI: Mary! What kind of trouble could she be in?

LIEUTENANT: I'd just like a little information.

GIACOPPETTI, *frowns*: That girl's a hundred percent. I wouldn't say a word against her.

LIEUTENANT: You don't have to. She ain't in no trouble.

GIACOPPETTI: No. That's good. What do you want from me, Champ?

LIEUTENANT: Mr. Giacoppetti, all this is off the record.

GIACOPPETTI: When I talk, it's always for the record, Champ. I only say something when I got something to say, Champ.

LIEUTENANT: Look, Giacoppetti, I'm Lieutenant Monaghan. I'm in charge here. Keep your tongue in your mouth, and we'll get along.

GIACOPPETTI: Mind if I phone my lawyer?

LIEUTENANT: It ain't necessary.

GIACOPPETTI: My lawyer gets mad.

LIEUTENANT: Nothing you say here will be held against you, understand? I give you my word.

GIACOPPETTI: I won't hurt that girl.

LIEUTENANT: I don't want you to. She's only a witness. It's someone else.

GIACOPPETTI: O.K. Shoot!

LIEUTENANT: Married?

GIACOPPETTI: Yeah.

LIEUTENANT: How long?

GIACOPPETTI: Fifteen years. What a racket that is!

LIEUTENANT: You're an expert, ain't you?

GIACOPPETTI: On what? Marriage?

LIEUTENANT: Rackets.

GIACOPPETTI: I'm a legitimate business man. Take it up with my attorney.

LIEUTENANT: Look, Mr. Giacoppetti. We've got a sheet on you. We know you're in black market up to your neck. But we don't operate in the State of New Jersey. And what went on there ain't none of our business. Unless you make it so. Kapish?

GIACOPPETTI: Yeah, I kapish.

LIEUTENANT: Got any kids?

GIACOPPETTI: No.

LIEUTENANT: I got five. You don't know what you're missing, Tami.

GIACOPPETTI, *rises, furious*: Don't rub salt in! I know. I got a wife as big as the Sahara Desert—and twice as sterile. I got nine brothers, four sisters . . . all on my payroll. None of 'em worth anything. They got kids—like rabbits they got 'em—nephews, nieces, all over the lot. But a guy like me, I should become a nation, and I got no kids. Not one. So don't rub salt in, eh?

LIEUTENANT, *laughs*: O.K. I guess I know how you feel.
GIACOPPETTI, *controls himself, smiles sheepishly*: You're a sharpshooter, Champ. You hit me right on my spot.

LIEUTENANT: When did you know this girl?

GIACOPPETTI: Seven years ago.

LIEUTENANT: You like her?

GIACOPPETTI: I was crazy about her. She was my girl. I'd a married her, if I could a gotten a divorce.

LIEUTENANT: What broke it up?

GIACOPPETTI: I don't know.

LIEUTENANT: What do you think?

GIACOPPETTI: I think maybe I better call my lawyer.

LIEUTENANT: Come on, Giacoppetti. What the hell—You've gone this far. It's off the record.

GIACOPPETTI: Aah, she give me the air! She got "caught" . . . and that soured her on me. Dames! Who can understand them?

LIEUTENANT: Send her to a doctor?

GIACOPPETTI: To a doctor? Me? I wanted that kid. I told her: "Give me a son—anything goes." Anything she wants. The moon out of the sky . . . I'd get it for her. Dames! Who can understand them? She goes off. That's the last I see of her. Next thing I know I hear she went to some doctor. I went looking for her. If I'd'a' found her, I'd'a' broken her neck. I found him though. I personally beat the hell out of him. Sent him to a hospital.

LIEUTENANT: What was his name?

GIACOPPETTI: A Dutchman. Schneider . . . something.

LIEUTENANT: Kurt Schneider.

GIACOPPETTI: That's it.

LIEUTENANT, *rises*: Thank you, Tami!

GIACOPPETTI: That all?

LIEUTENANT *opens the door of the ante-room, beckons to MARY*.

LIEUTENANT. Almost.

GIACOPPETTI: Now will you tell me what this is about?

LIEUTENANT: Just a minute. MARY *enters*. Mrs. McLeod, Mr. Giacoppetti has told me everything.

MARY: He has?

GIACOPPETTI: In a case like this, they find out anyway. It's better to . . .

MARY *begins to weep*.

LIEUTENANT: Now, now! . . . *Pause*. I'm sorry, Mrs. McLeod. Would you like a glass of water?

MARY, *nods*: Please! *He fetches her a glass of water*.

LIEUTENANT: Mr. Giacoppetti! *Nods toward the ante-room. They both exit*.

Outside, night perceptibly lowers over the city. The squad-room grows ominously dark. MC LEOD enters, CHARLEY's sheet in his hand.

MC LEOD: So you didn't done it, Charley? *He switches on the lights*.

CHARLEY, *weeping and wringing his hands*: No! No! On my mother's grave!

MC LEOD: And you never been in jail?

CHARLEY, *wailing*: May I drop dead on this spot! What do you guys want from me?

MC LEOD, *to* MR. PRITCHETT: Heartbreaking, isn't it? *Crosses to* CHARLEY. These are your fingerprints, Charley. They never lie. *He reads the sheet.* Burglary, eight arrests. Five assaults. Seven muggings. Three rapes. Two arrests for murder. Six extortions. Three jail sentences. One prison break! Nice little sheet, Charley? *To* BARNES. He's a four-time loser. You have a club. If he makes one false move—you know what to do with it—hit him over the head.

BARNES: Don't worry, I will.

MC LEOD: Book him! *Nods in* LEWIS' *direction.* This bum, too.

LEWIS *rises.*

CHARLEY, *abandons his weeping act abruptly, looks at* MC LEOD, *and begins to grin:* Got a cigarette?

MC LEOD, *furiously:* What do you want—room service?

CHARLEY, *laughing:* It's the green-light hotel, ain't it?

MC LEOD: Take him away!

BARNES: O.K., Charley. *To* LEWIS. Come on.

Exit BARNES, LEWIS *and* CHARLEY, *the latter laughing raucously at* MC LEOD.

MC LEOD, *turns to* PRITCHETT: Don't invest these criminals with your nervous system, Mr. Pritchett. Sure! They laugh, they cry; but don't think it's your laughter or your tears. It isn't. They're a different species, a different breed. Believe me, I know.

JOE FEINSON *enters.*

SUSAN, *shrilly:* My God—didn't you ever make a mistake?

MC LEOD: Yes. When I was new on this job we brought in two boys who were caught stealing from a car. They looked like babies. They cried. I let them go. Two nights later—two nights later—one of them held up a butcher in Harlem. Shot him through the head and killed him. Yes, I made a mistake, and I'm not going to make it again.

SUSAN: But, Officer, you . . .

MC LEOD, *harshly*: Young lady, I don't want to discuss this with you. Now don't interrupt me!

ARTHUR, *rises*: Don't talk to her like that. She has a right to speak.

MC LEOD, *his face goes black with anger. He roars at ARTHUR*: Shut up! Sit down! ARTHUR *sits*. MC LEOD *controls himself, lights a cigarette, his hand trembling*. When you're dealing with the criminal mind, softness is dangerous, Mr. Pritchett.

MR. PRITCHETT: But if it's a first offense.

MC LEOD: It's never a first offense: it's just the first time they get caught.

SUSAN: Why are you so vicious?

MC LEOD: I'm not vicious, young lady. I didn't steal this man's money. *Extinguishes the match violently and hurls it in ARTHUR's direction. He did. To MR. PRITCHETT*. This is a war, Mr. Pritchett. We know it, they know it, but you don't. We're your army. We're here to protect you. But you've got to co-operate. I'm sick and tired of massaging the complainant into doing his simple duty! You civilians are too lazy or too selfish or too scared or just

too indifferent to even want to appear in court and see the charges through that you, yourselves, bring. That makes us—street-cleaners. They have a stick, sweep out the streets, we have a stick, sweep out the human garbage; they pile it in wagons, dump it in the East River, we pile it in wagons, dump it in the Tombs. And what happens?—The next day . . . all back again.

MR. PRITCHETT: But if I get paid . . .

MC LEOD, *impatiently*: I don't care about that. This is a criminal action. Are you or aren't you going through with it? Because I'm not going to let him go.

MR. PRITCHETT: If I don't bring charges??

MC LEOD: Then I'm going to book him, anyway, and *subpoena you* into court.

MR. PRITCHETT: Well . . . I . . . I . . .

MC LEOD: It's my duty to protect you, in spite of yourself.

MR. PRITCHETT: I guess I've got to leave it up to you, Officer. Whatever you say.

MC LEOD: I say, "Prosecute!"

MR. PRITCHETT: All right! You know best. *To SUSAN.* I'm sorry. But he had no right to rob me in the first place. That was a terrible thing to do.

MC LEOD, *takes him by the arm, leads him to the gate*: We won't take up any more of your time. I'll see you in court tomorrow morning at ten.

MR. PRITCHETT *goes*.

SUSAN: Mister Pritchett . . . *She rises and runs after him.*

MC LEOD, *witheringly*: There goes John Q. Public, "a man of iron."

JOE: Humble yourself, sweetheart, humble yourself!

MC LEOD: What?

JOE: Seamus, Seamus, why must you always make everything so black and white? Remember, we're all of us falling down all the time. Don't be so intolerant.

MC LEOD: You're out of line.

JOE: Listen to me, Seamus. Listen! I love you, and I'm trying to warn you.

MC LEOD: What about? What's on your mind?

JOE: You're digging your own grave. A bottomless pit, baby. It's right there in front of you. One more step and you're in. Humble yourself, sweetheart, humble yourself!

MC LEOD: You're very Delphic today, Yussel. What's the oracle of CCNY trying to tell me?

There's a long pause. JOE examines his face. All friendship is gone out of it. It's hard as granite, now, the jaw muscles bulging. JOE smiles sadly to himself, shakes his head.

JOE: Nothing. Forget it. *He goes.*

LIEUTENANT, *returns to his office, followed by* GIACOPPETTI. MARY *rises*. Feel better now?

MARY: Yes. Thank you.

LIEUTENANT: Are you ready to tell me the truth?

MARY: Yes.

LIEUTENANT: Your husband's been persecutin' Schneider for over a year because of this?

MARY: No.

LIEUTENANT: Schneider's attorney says so.

MARY: I don't care what he says. Jim never knew. He never knew. I'm sure of that.

LIEUTENANT: Careful now! Weigh your words. This is very important. Any minute that phone'll ring. If Schneider is critically hurt, it's out of my hands. The next second this case'll be with the homicide squad. The Commissioner'll be here, the District Attorney. If that happens I gotta have all the facts.

MARY: Jim didn't know.

LIEUTENANT: That's the question I gotta be sure of . . . now. *Thinks a moment, goes to the door, calls.* McLeod!

MC LEOD: Yes, sir? *The LIEUTENANT motions him in.* MC LEOD *enters, sees MARY, stops short.* Mary! What are you doing here? What's this, Lieutenant? What's my wife . . .

LIEUTENANT: I sent for her.

MC LEOD: Why?

LIEUTENANT: This is Mr. Giacoppetti.

GIACOPPETTI: Hi, Champ!

MC LEOD: What's this about, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT: Schneider! Why'd you lie to me?

MC LEOD: I didn't lie to you.

MARY: May I . . . may I . . . please.

LIEUTENANT: Yes. Go ahead. *Watching* MC LEOD.

MARY: Jim, the Lieutenant won't believe me that you knew nothing about this . . .

MC LEOD: About what, Mary?

MARY: Dr. Schneider.

MC LEOD: What's he got to do with you?

MARY: This man you struck, this Dr. Schneider . . .

MC LEOD: Don't keep saying that, Mary. He's no doctor.

MARY: He isn't? I thought he was. I . . . had occasion to see him once. I went to him once when I needed help.

MC LEOD: You *what?* *After a long pause, studies her, murmurs to himself.*

MARY: A long time ago, Jim. *To the* LIEUTENANT. I told you he didn't . . .

MC LEOD: Wait a minute! *Turns to* GIACOPPETTI. What's he got to do with this?

MARY: We were going together.

MC LEOD: I see.

MARY: I . . .

MC LEOD: O.K. Diagrams aren't necessary. I get the picture.

GIACOPPETTI: I beat the hell out of this Schneider myself. *He touches MC LEOD on the arm. MC LEOD, with a growl, slaps his hand. Geeze! Holds his hand in agony.*

LIEUTENANT: Cut that out!

GIACOPPETTI: I don't have to take that from you, Champ!

MC LEOD: Touch me again and I'll tear your arm out of the socket.

LIEUTENANT, *to* MC LEOD: You cut that out! In one second I'm going to flatten you, myself. *There is a long pause.*

MC LEOD: Do you mind if I talk to my wife . . . alone? *The* LIEUTENANT *looks at* MARY.

MARY: Please!

LIEUTENANT: All right, Tami. You can go.

GIACOPPETTI goes. *The LIEUTENANT walks into his ante-room, slams the door.*

MARY: I'm terribly sorry, Jim. Please forgive me. *She touches him; he moves away to avoid her touch.* Is this man badly hurt?

MC LEOD: No.

MARY: Then you're not in serious trouble, Jim?

MC LEOD: He's only acting. Nothing will come of it.

MARY: You're sure?

MC LEOD: Yes.

MARY: Thank God for that.

MC LEOD: My immaculate wife!

MARY: I never said I was.

MC LEOD: You never said you weren't! Why didn't you tell me?

MARY: I loved you and I was afraid of losing you.

MC LEOD: How long did you go with him?

MARY: A few months.

MC LEOD: How many?

MARY: About four.

MC LEOD: Four isn't a few.

MARY: No, I suppose not.

MC LEOD: Did he give you money?

MARY: No.

MC LEOD: But he did give you presents?

MARY: Yes. He gave me some presents, of course.

MC LEOD: Expensive ones?

MARY: I don't know.

MCLEOD: What do you mean you don't know?

MARY: I don't know. What difference does it make?

MCLEOD: This difference. I'd just as soon Schneider died. I'd sooner go to jail for twenty years—than find out this way that my wife was a whore.

MARY: Don't say that, Jim.

MCLEOD: That's the word, I didn't invent it. That's what they call it.

MARY: I don't care about "they." I only care about you, Jim, and it isn't true. You know it isn't true.

MCLEOD: Why didn't you tell me?

MARY: I wanted to, but I didn't dare. I would have lost you.

MCLEOD: I thought I knew you. I thought you were everything good and pure . . . And with a pig like that! Live dirt!

MARY: Jim, don't judge me. Try and understand. Right and wrong aren't always as simple as they seem to you. I was on my own for the first time in a large city. The war was on. Everything was feverish! I'd only been out with kids my own age until I met this man. He paid me a lot of attention. I was flattered. I'd never met anyone like him before in my whole life. I thought he was romantic and glamorous. I thought I was in love with him.

MCLEOD: Are you trying to justify yourself in those terms?

MARY: Not justify! Just explain. It was wrong. I know it. I discovered that for myself.

MC LEOD: When? Just now?

The phone rings. DAKIS answers it.

MARY: I'm trying to make my life everything you want it to be. If I could make my past life over I'd do that, too, gladly. But I can't. No one can. I made a mistake. I admit it. I've paid for it . . . plenty. Isn't that enough?

DAKIS, *crosses to the* LIEUTENANT's office, *enters*: Where's the Lieutenant?

MC LEOD: Inside.

DAKIS, *shouting off*: Lieutenant!—Hospital's on the phone.

LIEUTENANT, *enters and picks up the phone*: Yeah! . . . Put him on! . . . Yeah? You're sure? O.K., Doc. Thank you. *He hangs up*. The devil takes care of his own! . . . It looks like Schneider's all right. They can't find anything wrong with him.

There is a long pause.

MARY: May I go now?

LIEUTENANT: Yes, Mrs. McLeod.

Exit LIEUTENANT.

MARY: Jim, I beg you. Please understand.

MC LEOD: What's there to understand? . . . You got undressed before him . . .

MARY: Jim!

MC LEOD: You went to bed with him.

MARY: Jim! I can't take much more of this.

MC LEOD: You carried his child awhile inside you . . . and then you killed it.

MARY: Yes. That's true.

MCLEOD: Everything I hate . . . even murder . . .
What the hell's left to understand!

MARY, *completely stunned, looks at his face, swollen with anger, the face of a madman. She backs up to the door, suddenly opens it, turns, flees.*

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

Act Three

SCENE: *The scene is the same, eight-thirty by the clock on the wall. Night has fallen. The black, looming masses and the million twinkling eyes of "the city that never sleeps," the flashing General Motors sign, the church spire and cross seem to enter into and become a part of this strange room.*

At rise, the LIEUTENANT'S office is dark and empty. The squad-room, however, is crowded and humming like a dynamo. Half a dozen civilians under the guidance of DAKIS and CALLAHAN are identifying the stolen property piled high on the table. BRODY is fingerprinting LEWIS. CHARLEY is sitting, pantomiming to himself, the colored officer watching him closely. MC LEOD is seated at the typewriter tapping off ARTHUR'S "squeal"; ARTHUR is seated to the right of the typewriter desk, his eyes registering the nightmare. SUSAN, behind ARTHUR'S chair, hovers over him, staring down at him like some impotent guardian angel. Near the same desk the SHOPLIFTER'S big innocent calf eyes are busy watching, darting in all directions at once, enjoying the Roman holiday. A very chic lady and gentleman in formal evening attire, who are here to claim stolen property, are being photographed by a newspaper photograher. JOE weaves in and out of the throng glean-

ing his information and jotting it down in a notebook.

PHOTOGRAPHER, *to the chic lady in the evening gown, who is posing for him, holding a stolen silver soup tureen:* Hold up the loot! Little higher, please! *She holds it higher. Flash!* Just one more, please!

MC LEOD, *at the desk, to ARTHUR:* Hair?

ARTHUR: Brown.

MC LEOD: Eyes?

ARTHUR: Eyes? I don't know . . . greenish?

MC LEOD, *peering at ARTHUR:* Look brown.

SUSAN: Hazel. Brown and green flecked with gold.

Photographer's flash!

MC LEOD: Hazel. *Types.*

PHOTOGRAPHER: Ankyou! *Reloads his camera.*

DAKIS, *to the GENTLEMAN:* Sign here. *He signs.* That's all. We'll notify you when to come down to pick up the rest of your property.

GENTLEMAN, *plucks out some tickets from his wallet, hands them to DAKIS:* Excellent work, Officer, excellent! My compliments.

Exit GENTLEMAN and LADY.

PHOTOGRAPHER, *to JOE:* Did you get the name?

JOE, *writing story in notebook:* I got it, I got it.

PHOTOGRAPHER: Park Avenue?

JOE: Spell it backwards.

PHOTOGRAPHER: K-R-A-P.

JOE: *You* got it.

The PHOTOGRAPHER chortles.

DAKIS, *examines the tickets with a slow, mounting burn.*

To CALLAHAN: How do you like that jerk? Two tickets for the *flower* show yet! There are two kinds of people in this precinct—the crumbs and the eelite; and the eelite are crumbs.

CALLAHAN *laughs through his nose. DAKIS sits down and checks through his "squeals."*

MC LEOD, *typing:* You might as well go home now, young lady; as soon as we finish this we're through.

SUSAN: A few minutes more . . . Please!

MC LEOD, *sighs. To ARTHUR:* Weight?

ARTHUR: A hundred and fifty-two.

MC LEOD: Height?

ARTHUR: Five eleven.

MC LEOD: Identifying marks? Scars? Come here! *Pulls ARTHUR's face around.* Scar on the left cheek. *Types.* And a tattoo. Which arm was that on? ARTHUR *raises his left hand.* Left? A heart and the name "Joy."

The phone rings. CALLAHAN answers it.

CALLAHAN: 21st Squad Detectives, Callahan. Yeah? A jumper? Fifty-thoid Street? MC LEOD *stops typing, listens.* Her name? Mc . . . what . . . ? geeze!

MC LEOD, *calls across the room, sharply:* What was that name?

CALLAHAN, *on the phone:* Wait a minute . . . ! *To MC LEOD.* What's 'at, Jim?

MC LEOD, *tense with sudden apprehension:* You got a jumper?

CALLAHAN: Yeah.

MC LEOD: Woman?

CALLAHAN: Yeah.

MC LEOD: She killed?

CALLAHAN: Sixteenth floor.

MC LEOD: Who is it?

CALLAHAN: What's with you?

MC LEOD: Who is it?

CALLAHAN: Name is McFadden. Old lady. Her son just identified her. Why?

MC LEOD, *mops his brow with his handkerchief, mumbles*: Nothing. That's my street. 53rd.

CALLAHAN *looks at MC LEOD with puzzlement, concludes his phone conversation sotto voce*.

SUSAN, *smiling sadly at ARTHUR*: A tattoo?

ARTHUR, *sheepishly*: The others all had them. It made me feel like a real sailor. I was *such* a kid. Seven years ago.

SUSAN: Seven? It was yesterday, Jiggs.

ARTHUR: Seven years. Another world.

BRODY, *finishes fingerprinting* LEWIS: All done, Lewis! Go in there and wash your hands. Next . . .

LEWIS, *dumb bravo, walks to the wash-room, slowly, nonchalantly, his head lolling from side to side as if it were attached to his spine by a rubber band*.

MC LEOD: Arthur!

ARTHUR *rises, walks slowly to BRODY at the fingerprint board. They exchange glances*.

BRODY, *softly*: This hand, son. Just relax it. Aaat's it. This finger. Roll it toward me.

DAKIS, *rises*: Well, three old squeals polished off. I'm clean. *He crosses, replaces the cards in the file.*

CALLAHAN: There's one here I'm sure they did. . . . *Propels himself in the swivel chair over to CHARLEY.* Charley, did you burglarize this apartment? CHARLEY *sniffs a contemptuous silence!* Why don't you give us a break? You do us a favor we might help you.

CHARLEY: How the hell you gonna help me? I'm a four-time loser. I'm gone to jail for life. How the hell you gonna help me?

CALLAHAN: You lived a louse, you wanta die a louse?

CHARLEY: Yaa!

CALLAHAN: You quif!

CHARLEY: Careful! De sign says courtesy.

CALLAHAN: Coitesy? For you? You want coitesy? Here! *Tears off the sign, hits him on the head with it.* CHARLEY *laughs.* LEWIS *comes swaggering out of the wash-room.*

BRODY, *finishes fingerprinting* ARTHUR: That's all, son. Go inside and wash your hands.

ARTHUR *goes in to the wash-room.* SUSAN *holds on to herself tightly.*

SHOPLIFTER, *rises—to SUSAN, comforting her*: It don't hurt. You roll it. *Demonstrates.* Like that. It just gets your hands a little dirty. It washes right off. It's nothing. SUSAN *crumples into a chair.* What's a matter? Did I say something? SUSAN *shakes her head.* Are you married? SUSAN *shakes her head.* Me neither. Everybody tells you why don't you get married. You should get married. My mother, my father, my sisters, my brother—"Get mar-

ried!" As if I didn't *want* to get married. Where do you find a man? Get me a man, I'll marry him. *Anything!* As long as it's got pants. Big, little, fat, thin . . . I'll marry him. You think I'd be *here*? For a lousy crocodile bag? I'd be home, cooking him such a meal. Get married!! It's easy to talk! *She sits again, wrapped up in the tragedy of her spinsterhood.*

MC LEOD, *at the main desk—to LEWIS*: Sign your name here, Lewis! LEWIS *signs. The PHOTOGRAPHER signals JOE.*

JOE, *to BARNES*: O.K., Steve! Get 'em over here.

BARNES, *elbowing LEWIS over, nudges CHARLEY with his stick*: Rise and shine, Charley. *They line up in front of the desk.*

PHOTOGRAPHER, *to BARNES*: Stand on the end! PATROLMAN BARNES *obeys.*

BARNES: Stand here, Lewis.

LEWIS, *comes close to CHARLEY, murmurs in his ear*: You louse! I ought to kill you.

CHARLEY, *mutters*: *Me?* The thanks I get.

JOE, *to PHOTOGRAPHER*: Wait a minute! I want to line up those bullets. I want 'em in the shot. *He stands the bullets on end.* Can you get 'em in?

MC LEOD *picks up ARTHUR's "sheet," and crosses to the desk.*

PHOTOGRAPHER: Yeah! Ready?

LEWIS: Thirty grand.

CHARLEY: Thirty bull!

LEWIS: I saw the list.

PHOTOGRAPHER, *to* BARNES, *posing them for the shot:*
Grab that one by the arm!

CHARLEY, *mutters:* Lists? It's a racket! People get big insurance on fake stuff. They collect on it.

BARNES, *smiling for the photo, mutters through his gleaming teeth:* Sh! You spoil the picture. *Flash. The picture is taken.* BARNES *drops the smile.* Over there! *He waves them to a seat with his club, turns to the photographer to make sure his name is spelled correctly.*

LEWIS: What about that fourteen hundred dollars?

CHARLEY, *indignantly:* I had it on me for your protection. If this flatfoot had any sense, he was supposed to take it and let us go. . . . Dumb cop! Can I help it?

LEWIS, *pushes his face into CHARLEY's, threateningly:*
I want my share.

CHARLEY: All right, Lewis. I'm not gonna argue with you. If it'll make you happy, I'll give you the whole fourteen hundred. Satisfied?

LEWIS, *thinks it over:* Ya.

CHARLEY: Good.

BARNES, *crosses over to them:* No talking—you!

MC LEOD, *to* ARTHUR: Your signature. Here! ARTHUR *glances at the card, hesitates.*

SUSAN: Shouldn't he see a lawyer first?

MC LEOD: It's routine.

SUSAN: Anyway a lawyer should . . .

MC LEOD *presses his temples, annoyed.*

ARTHUR: Susan! *Shakes his head.*

SUSAN: Excuse me. *She forces a wan smile, nods, puts*

her fingers to her lips. MC LEOD hands ARTHUR the pen. ARTHUR looks about seeking a depository for his cigarette butt.

MC LEOD: On the floor. ARTHUR *throws it on the floor.*
Step on it! ARTHUR *steps on butt.*

ARTHUR: Where do I sign?

MC LEOD: Here. *Indicates the line on the card.* ARTHUR *signs.* SUSAN *rises.*

SUSAN: I believe in you, Arthur. I want you to know. Deep inside—deep down, no matter what happens—I have faith in you.

JOE, *to* PHOTOGRAPHER: Now, this one. *To* MC LEOD. You want to be in this?

MC LEOD, *pressing his temples:* No! Got an aspirin, Yussel?

JOE, *curtly:* No. *Walks away.*

PHOTOGRAPHER, *to* ARTHUR: You mind standing up?

The flash, as he snaps the picture, galvanizes SUSAN.

SUSAN, *hysterically:* No! No! They don't have to do that to him! They don't have to. . . . *To* BRODY. Officer Brody. They're not going to print that in the papers, are they?

ARTHUR, *goes to her:* It's all right, Suzy! Stop trembling. Please. I don't care. . . .

BRODY, *beckons* JOE *and* PHOTOGRAPHER *out through the gate:* Joe! Teeney! *They follow him off.*

SUSAN: I'm not . . . really. . . . It was the sudden flash! *She buries her head in her hands, turns away to control herself.* CHARLEY *laughs softly.*

DAKIS, *putting on his hat and jacket, glances at the clock*: Well, quarter to nine. Night Court'll be open by the time we get there.

SHOPLIFTER, *rising, picking up her bag and scarf*: What do I do?

DAKIS: They'll tell you. Your brother-in-law's gonna be there, ain't he?

SHOPLIFTER: Yeah. All I can do is thank goodness my sister's sexy. Well . . . *She looks about*. So long everybody! You been very nice to me. Really very nice. And I'm sorry I caused you all this trouble! Good-bye! *She and*

DAKIS *go*.

MCLEOD, *to SUSAN*: You better go home now, young lady. It's all over.

SUSAN: May I talk to Arthur? For two minutes, alone? Then I'll go. I won't make any more trouble, I promise.

MCLEOD: All right. *He handcuffs ARTHUR to the chair*. Two minutes. *He goes into the LIEUTENANT'S office, sits in the darkened room*.

SUSAN, *to ARTHUR, her lips trembling*: Jiggs . . .

ARTHUR, *quickly*: Don't!

SUSAN, *dragging a chair over to him*: I'm not going to cry. This is no time for emotionalism. I mean we must be calm and wise. We must be realists. *She sits down, takes his hand*. The minute I walk out of here I'm going to call Father.

ARTHUR: No, Susan, don't do that!

SUSAN: But he likes you so much, Arthur. He'll be glad to help.

ARTHUR: I don't want him to know. I'm ashamed. I'm so ashamed of myself.

SUSAN: Jiggs, it's understandable.

ARTHUR: Is it? God Almighty, I don't understand it! I stole, Suzy. I stole money from a man who trusted me! Where am I? Am I still floating around in the middle of the Pacific, looking for concrete platforms that aren't there? How mixed up can you get?

SUSAN: But, Jiggs, everybody gets mixed up, some time or other.

ARTHUR: They don't steal. *Pause.* Delirium, isn't it?

SUSAN: O.K. So it is delirium, Jiggs. So what? You're coming out of it fine.

ARTHUR, *shakes his head*: Look around, Susan. Look at this. *Studies the handcuffs.* The dreams I had—the plans I made . . . to end like this?

SUSAN: This isn't the end of the world, Jiggs.

ARTHUR: It is for me. *He rattles the handcuffs.* All I ever wanted was to live quietly in a small college town . . . to study and teach. No! *Bitterly.* This isn't a time for study and teachers . . . this is a time for generals.

SUSAN, *passionately*: I hate that kind of talk, Jiggs. Everywhere I hear it. . . . I don't believe it. Whatever happens to you, you can still pick up and go on. If ever there was a time for students and teachers, this is it. I know you can still make whatever you choose of your life. *She pauses, aware of his black anguish.* Arthur! Do you want Joy? Would that help? Would you like to see her and talk to her?

ARTHUR: No.

SUSAN: I'll go to Connecticut and bring her back?

ARTHUR: I don't want her.

SUSAN: I'll get her here. Say the word. I'll bring her here, Arthur. She'll come. You know she will.

ARTHUR: I don't want her, Suzy. I don't want Joy.

SUSAN: You're sure?

ARTHUR: Yes. *Pause.* For five years I've been in love with a girl that doesn't exist. I wouldn't know what to say to her now. *The noises of the city outside rise and fall.* That's finished. Washed up.

SUSAN: Oh, Arthur! Why couldn't you have fallen in love with me?

ARTHUR, *looks at her, for a long time, then, tenderly:* I've always loved you, Suzy. You were always . . . my baby.

SUSAN: I've news for you. I voted for the President in the last election. I'm years past the age of consent.

ARTHUR: Just an old bag?

SUSAN: Arthur, why didn't you fall in love with me? I'd have been so much better for you. I know I'm not as beautiful as Joy, but . . .

ARTHUR: But you are. Joy's prettier than you, Susan, but you're more beautiful.

SUSAN: Oh, Jiggs, you fracture me! Let us not . . . *She almost cries.*

ARTHUR: Let us not be emotional. We were going to be "realists." Remember?

SUSAN: Yes.

ARTHUR: Suzy, when I go to jail . . . *Her lip quivers again.* Now . . . "Realists"??

SUSAN: I'm not going to cry.

ARTHUR: Be my sensible Susan!

SUSAN: Jiggs, I can't be sensible about you. I love you.

ARTHUR: Suzy, darling . . .

SUSAN: Jiggs, whatever happens, when it's over—let's go back home again.

ARTHUR: That would be wonderful, Suzy. That would be everything I ever wanted.

CHARLEY, *pretends to play a violin, humming "Hearts and Flowers."* Then he laughs raucously, nudging LEWIS: Hear that Lewis? He's facin' five to ten? Wait'll the boys go to work on him. ARTHUR and SUSAN *look at him.* To SUSAN. What makes you think *he'll* want you then?

SUSAN: What?

CHARLEY: A kid like this in jail. They toss for him.

SUSAN: What do you mean?

CHARLEY: To see whose chicken he's gonna be!

SUSAN: What does that mean? What's he talking about?

ARTHUR: Don't listen to him. To CHARLEY. Shut up! Who asked you to . . .

CHARLEY: After a while you get to like it. Lots a guys come out, they got no use for dames after that.

ARTHUR: Shut up!

CHARLEY: Look at Lewis, there. He's more woman than man, ain't you, ain't you, Lewis? LEWIS *grins.*

ARTHUR, *rises in a white fury, goes for CHARLEY, drag-*

ging the chair to which he's handcuffed: Shut up! I'll crack your goddam skull!

BARNES *runs over to* CHARLEY.

SUSAN: Stop it! Stop! BRODY *enters quickly*. Officer Brody, make him stop! Make him stop!

BRODY, *to* ARTHUR: Take it easy! Sit down! *Kicks CHARLEY in the shins*. Why don't you shut up?

SUSAN: Oh, Officer Brody, help us! Help us!

BRODY: Take it easy. He ain't convicted yet. The Judge might put him on probation. He might get off altogether. A lot of things might happen.

CHARLEY, *bending over, feeling his bruised shin*: Yak! Yak!

BRODY: One more peep outa you! One! *He slaps CHARLEY, turns to* BARNES, *irritated*. Take them inside!

BARNES *waves CHARLEY and LEWIS into the next room. As they pass ARTHUR, LEWIS eyes ARTHUR up and down, grinning and nodding. CHARLEY hums his mockery, "Hearts and Flowers." BARNES prods CHARLEY with his night-stick, muttering, "We heard the voice before." They exit.*

BRODY, *to* SUSAN: If the complainant still wants to give him a break, that'll help. You got a good lawyer? *She shakes her head*. I'll give you the name of a crackerjack! I'm not supposed to, but I'll call him myself. There are a lot of tricks to this business.

SUSAN: Don't let it happen!

BRODY: Here's your picture. *Crumples up the photographic plate, tosses it into the waste-basket; goes to his*

locker, fishes out his bottle of liquor. SUSAN begins to weep.

ARTHUR: Susan! Susan! The rest of my life I'm going to find ways to make this up to you. I swear. Whatever happens . . . *He puts his arms around her, pulls her down into the chair alongside him, holds her tight.*

SUSAN, *clinging to him*: Arthur, I . . .

ARTHUR: Sh! Don't say anything more, Suzy. We've a minute left. Let's just sit here like this . . . quietly. SUSAN *starts to speak*. Sh! Quiet! *She buries her head in his shoulder and they sit there in a gentle embrace. After a second's silence, she relaxes.* Better?

SUSAN, *nods*: Mm!

BRODY, *goes into the LIEUTENANT'S office, looking for* MC LEOD: What are you sitting here in the dark for? *He switches on the light.* Want a drink, Jim?

MC LEOD: No.

BRODY, *pours himself a stiff one*: Jim, I've been your partner for thirteen years. I ever ask you for a favor?

MC LEOD, *pressing his hand to his temples*: What is it, Lou?

BRODY: That kid outside. MC LEOD *groans*. I want you to give him a break.

MC LEOD: You know better. I can't adjudicate this case.

BRODY: And what the hell do you think you're doing?

MC LEOD: What makes him so special?

BRODY: A lot. I think he's a good kid. He's got stuff on the ball. Given another chance . . . *Pause*. Jim, he reminds me of my boy.

MC LEOD: Mike?—was a hero.

BRODY: Why? Because he was killed? If Mike'd be alive today, he'd have the same problems this kid has.

MC LEOD: Lou, Lou—how can you compare?

BRODY: Thousands like 'em, I guess. New generation, a screwed-up world. We don't even understand them, Jim. I didn't Mike, till he was killed. *Pause.* Too late then. *He swallows his drink.* How about it?

MC LEOD: Don't ask me, will you?

BRODY: But, I am.

MC LEOD: I can't. I can't do it, Lou. I can't drop the charges.

BRODY: Louder, please! I don't seem to hear so good outa this ear.

MC LEOD: This fellow and Mike—day and night—There's no comparison.

BRODY: Jim, this is me, Lou Brody. Remember me? What do you mean you can't drop it? You coulda let him go two hours ago. You still can. The complainant left it up to you. I heard him.

MC LEOD: Be logical, Lou.

BRODY: To hell with logic. I seen you logic the life out of a thing. Heart! Heart! The world's crying for a little heart. *Pause.* What do you say?

MC LEOD: No, Lou. No dice!

BRODY: My partner! Arrest his own mother.

MC LEOD: I'm too old to start compromising now.

BRODY: There's a full moon out tonight. It shows in your puss.

MC LEOD: You shouldn't drink so much, Lou. It melts the lining of your brain.

BRODY, *pushes the bottle to him*: Here! You take it. Maybe that's what you need. Maybe it'll melt that rock you got in there for a heart.

MC LEOD, *a moan of anguish*: For Christ's sake, stop it, Lou, will you? My nerves are like banjo strings.

BRODY: Well, play something on them. Play "Love's Old Sweet Song."

MC LEOD: Shut up! Lay off! God damn it! I'm warning you. Lay off! *Silence*.

BRODY, *studies him, then . . . softer*: What's the matter?

MC LEOD: I'm drowning, Lou. I'm drowning. That's all. I'm drowning in my own juices.

BRODY: I wish I could understand what makes you tick.

MC LEOD: I don't expect you to understand me, Lou. I know I'm different than the others. I think differently. I'm not a little boy who won't grow up, playing cops and robbers all his life, like Callahan; and I'm not an insurance salesman, like you, Lou. I'm here out of principle!! Principle, Lou. All my life I've lived according to principle! And, God damn it, I couldn't deviate even if I wanted to.

BRODY: Sometimes you gotta bend with the wind . . . or break! Be a little human, Jim! Don't be such a friggin' monument!

MC LEOD: How, how? How do you compromise? How do you compromise, Christ!—convictions that go back to

the roots of your childhood? I hate softness. I don't believe in it. My mother was soft; it killed her. I'm no Christian. I don't believe in the other cheek. I hate mushiness. You ask me to compromise for this kid? Who the hell is he? Now, right now, Lou, I'm faced with a problem of my own that's ripping me up like a .22 bullet bouncing around inside, and I can't compromise on that. So what do I do? What do I do?

A long pause. JOE has entered quietly and has been standing in the doorway, listening.

JOE: Try picking up that phone and calling her.

MC LEOD: Who?

JOE: Mary. *Tosses an aspirin box onto the desk.* Here's your aspirin.

MC LEOD: What are you talking about?

JOE: This ".22 bullet" of yours.

MC LEOD: You don't know anything about it.

JOE: It's one story I had in my pocket years before it happened.

MC LEOD: Listening at keyholes, Yussel?

JOE: No, I'm prescient. *Pause.* I met Mary years before you did. The spring of '41,—I was on the *Newark Star*. She didn't remember me. I never forgot her, though. It's one of those faces you don't forget. She's one in a million, your Mary. I know. She's a fine girl, Seamus. She could have had anything she wanted—materially—anything. She chose you instead. Why? What'd you have to offer her? Buttons!—These crazy hours, this crazy life? She loves you. You don't know how lucky you are. I

know. I'm little and ugly—and because I'm a lover of beauty I'm going to live and die alone. But you? . . . The jewel was placed in your hands. Don't throw it away. You'll never get it back, again!

CALLAHAN *re-enters the squad-room, crossing to the files. He pauses to light a cigarette.*

BRODY, *softly*: You know what you were like before you met Mary? You remember?

MC LEOD: Yes.

BRODY: Like a stick!—Thin.

MC LEOD, *his voice hoarse with emotion*: Yes.

BRODY: Dried up, lonely, cold.

MC LEOD: Yes.

BRODY: And you know what tenderness and warmth she brought to your life?

MC LEOD: I know. I know better than you.

BRODY: So what the hell you asking me what to do? Pick up the phone! Get on your knees. Crawl!

MARY *enters the squad-room, stands within the gate, pale, worn. CALLAHAN clears his throat, approaches her, adjusting his tie, a little "makey."*

CALLAHAN: Yesss, Miss?

MARY: Is Detective McLeod here?

CALLAHAN: He's busy, Miss.

MARY, *wearily*: It's Mrs., Mrs. McLeod.

CALLAHAN: Oh! Yes, Ma'am. I'll tell him you're here. *Crosses. Pokes his head into the LIEUTENANT'S office to* MC LEOD. Your wife is out here. MC LEOD *rises at once,*

comes out to MARY. JOE and BRODY follow him out, and discreetly vanish into the wash-room.

MARY, *digs into her purse to avoid his eyes. Her voice is low and brittle:* I'm leaving now, Jim. I thought I'd come up and tell you. Here are the keys.

MC LEOD, *softly:* Come inside.

MARY: My taxi's waiting.

MC LEOD: Send it away.

MARY: No. My things are in it.

MC LEOD: What things?

MARY: My valises and my trunk.

MC LEOD: Oh, Mary, be sensible.

MARY: I intend to. Let's not drag it out, Jim! Please! I don't want any more arguments. I can't stand them. *Her voice becomes shrill. CALLAHAN passes by. She clamps the controls on, becoming almost inaudible.* It's only going to make things worse.

MC LEOD: Come inside! I can't talk to you here.

MARY: The meter's ticking.

MC LEOD, *firmly:* Let it tick! Come! *She obeys, follows him into the LIEUTENANT's office. He shuts the door, turns to her.* Mary, this isn't the time or place to discuss our lives, past, present or future. I want you to take your things and go home. I'll be back at eight A.M. and we'll work this out then.

MARY: You think we can?

MC LEOD: We'll have to.

MARY: I don't. I don't think it's possible.

MC LEOD: Wait a minute! Wait one minute! I don't get

this. What are *you* so bitter about? Who's to blame for tonight? You put me in a cement-mixer. And now you're acting as if I were the . . .

MARY: The whore?

MC LEOD: Don't say that!

MARY: I didn't invent the word, either, Jim.

MC LEOD: I wasn't myself.

MARY: You were never more yourself, Jim. *Pause.*

MC LEOD: I'm sorry, Mary.

MARY: It's all right. I'm beyond feeling. I'm nice and numb.

MC LEOD: You're certainly in no condition to discuss this, tonight.

MARY: I've thought everything over and over and over again and I don't see any other way out. Our life is finished. We couldn't go on from here.

MC LEOD: You're married to me. You can't just walk out. Marriage is a sacrament, Mary. You don't dissolve it like that.

MARY: You once told me when you bring a married prostitute in here, if she's convicted, her marriage can be dissolved just like that! Well, I've been brought in and I've been convicted.

MC LEOD: I don't like that talk. Stop that talk, will you, Mary? I'm trying, I'm trying . . .

MARY: To what?

MC LEOD: To put all this behind me.

MARY: But you can't do it?

MC LEOD: If you'll let me.

MARY: Me? What have I got to say about it? I know the way your mind works. It never lets go. The rest of our days, we'll be living with this. If you won't be saying it you'll be thinking it. *Pause.* It's no good. It won't work. I don't want to live a cat-and-dog existence. I couldn't take it. I'd dry up. I'd dry up and die.

MC LEOD: Why didn't you ever tell me? If you'd come to me once, just once . . .

MARY: How could I? What good would it have done? Would you have understood? Would you have been able to forgive me?

MC LEOD: Wasn't I entitled to know?

MARY: Yes, yes!

MC LEOD: Why didn't you tell me?

MARY: Jim, I can't go over this again and again and again. I refuse to.

MC LEOD: If I didn't love you and need you so, it'd be simple, you understand?

MARY: I understand.

MC LEOD: Simple. You go home now and wait till morning.

MARY: That won't help us. Please, I'm so tired. Let me go now, Jim.

MC LEOD: To what? What'll you go to? You, who turn on every light in the house when I'm not there!

MARY: Let me go, Jim.

MC LEOD: You, who can't fall asleep unless my arms are around you! Where will you go?

MARY: Jim, I beg you . . .

MC LEOD: No, Mary, I'm not going to. *He grasps her by the arm.*

MARY: You're hurting my arm. Jim!

MC LEOD: I'm sorry . . . I'm sorry. *He lets her go.*

MARY: You ripped my sleeve.

MC LEOD: You'll sew it up.

MARY: The taxi's waiting. Please, Jim, let me go, without any more razor-slashing. I hate it.

MC LEOD: You'd go without a tear?

MARY: I wouldn't say that. One or two, perhaps. I haven't many left.

MC LEOD: Mary, I . . . CALLAHAN *enters the* LIEUTENANT's office, *leaves paper on his desk, and goes.* Mary, you just don't stop loving someone.

MARY: I wouldn't have thought so. I wouldn't have believed it could happen. But, there it is. I suppose in this life we all die many times before they finally bury us. This was one of those deaths. Sudden, unexpected, like being run over by a bus. It happens.

MC LEOD: Who do you think you're kidding?

MARY: No one! *Begins to cry.* Least of all, myself.

MC LEOD, *takes her in his arms*: Mary, I love you.

MARY, *clinging to him, sobbing*: Then help me! I'm trying to be a human being. I'm trying to bundle myself together. It took every bit of strength to go this far. Help me, Jim!

MC LEOD, *caressing her*: It's no use, sweetheart, it's no use. I couldn't go home if you weren't waiting for me with the radio going and the smell of coffee on the stove.

I'd blow out my brains. I would, Mary, if I went home to an empty flat—I wouldn't dare take my gun with me. *He gives her his handkerchief. She dries her eyes. Now powder your nose! Put on some lipstick. She kisses him. SIMS appears at the gate, outside.*

CALLAHAN, *crosses to SIMS*: Yes, Counselor?

SIMS: I want to see Detective McLeod.

CALLAHAN: All right, Counselor. Come in. *Knocks on the door.*

MC LEOD: Come in!

CALLAHAN: Someone outside to see you.

MARY: I'll go home, now.

MC LEOD: No. Wait a minute.

MARY, *smiling now*: That taxi bill is going to break us.

MC LEOD, *grins back at her*: Let it break us. What do we care? *He goes out, sees SIMS, his face goes grim again. He crosses to SIMS.* You see, Counselor? I told you your client was acting.

SIMS: He's still in shock.

MC LEOD: He'll be okay in the morning.

SIMS: No thanks to you. When he's brought back here tomorrow, though, he'd better remain okay. This is not to happen again! You're not to lay a finger on him. If you do . . .

MC LEOD: Then advise him again to keep his mouth shut. And see that he does.

SIMS: You're lucky you're not facing a murder charge yourself right now.

MC LEOD: I could always get you to defend me.

SIMS: And I probably would. That's my job, no matter how I feel personally.

MC LEOD: As long as you get your fee?

SIMS: I've defended many men at my own expense.

MC LEOD: That was very noble of you.

SIMS: Nobility doesn't enter into it. Every man has a right to counsel, no matter how guilty he might seem to you, or to me, for that matter. Every man has a right not to be arbitrarily judged, particularly by men in authority; not by you, not by the Congress, not even by the President of the United States. The theory being these human rights are derived from God himself.

MC LEOD: I know the theory, Counselor.

SIMS: But you don't go along with it? Well, you're not alone. There are others. You've a lot of friends all over the world. Read the headlines. But don't take it on yourself to settle it. Let history do that.

MC LEOD: Save it for the Fourth of July, Counselor.

SIMS: I'll save it for the Commissioner. I intend to see him about you. I'm not going to let you get away with this.

MC LEOD: As long as Schneider gets away with it, Counselor, all's well. Why do you take cases like this, if you're so high-minded? Schneider killed the Harris girl—he's guilty. You know it as well as I do.

SIMS: I don't know it. I don't even permit myself to speculate on his guilt or innocence. The moment I do that, I'm judging . . . and it is not my job to judge. My

job is to defend my client, not to judge him. That remains with the courts. *He turns to go.*

MC LEOD: And you've got that taken care of, Counselor. Between bought witnesses and perjured testimony . . .
SIMS *stops in his tracks, turns suddenly white with fury.*

SIMS: If you're so set on hanging Schneider, why don't you ask Mrs. McLeod if she can supply a corroborating witness? MC LEOD *is stopped in turn, as if he'd been hit by a meat-axe.* SIMS *goes.* CHARLEY, LEWIS *and* BARNES *enter.*

BARNES: Charley, sit over there. Over there for you, Lewis.

MC LEOD *looks a little sick. He lights a cigarette slowly. He returns to the* LIEUTENANT's office, *his face twitching. MARY is just finishing powdering her face and removing the traces of the tears.*

MARY: What's the matter, dear?

MC LEOD: Nothing.

MARY: This has been our black day.

MC LEOD: Yes.

MARY, *puts her vanity case back into her bag:* I'm sorry, darling. And yet, in a way I'm glad it's out in the open. This has been hanging over my head so long. I've had such a terrible feeling of guilt all the time.

MC LEOD *mutters:* All right! All right!

MARY, *ignores the storm warnings:* I needed help and there was no one. I couldn't even go to my parents.

MC LEOD: They didn't know?

MARY: No.

MC LEOD: You didn't tell them?

MARY: I didn't dare. I didn't want to hurt them. You know how sweet and simple they are.

MC LEOD: You didn't go home then? After?

MARY: No.

MC LEOD, *acidly*: Where'd you go?

MARY: That's when I came to New York.

MC LEOD: And how long was that before I met you, Mary?

MARY: Two years.

MC LEOD: Who'd you go with, then?

MARY: No one.

MC LEOD: How many others were there, Mary?

MARY: Others?

MC LEOD, *all control gone*: How many other *men*?

MARY: None. *Alarmed now*. What's the matter with you, Jim?

MC LEOD: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! *He turns away, trying to control the insane turbulence inside.*

MARY: No! What's the matter with you?

MC LEOD: At an autopsy yesterday I watched the medical examiner saw off the top of a man's skull, take out the brain, and hold it in his hand (*he holds out his hand*) like that.

MARY, *horrified*: Why are you telling me this?

MC LEOD: Because I'd give everything I own to be able to take out my brain and hold it under the faucet and wash away the dirty pictures you put there tonight.

MARY: Dirty pictures?

MC LEOD: Yes!

MARY: Oh! I see. *A long pause. The brakes of a truck outside the window suddenly screech like a horribly wounded living thing.* I see. *To herself.* Yes. That would be fine, if we could. *She straightens, turns to him, wearily.* But when you wash away what I may have put there, you'll find you've a rotten spot in your brain, Jim, and it's growing. I know, I've watched it. . . .

MC LEOD, *hoarsely*: Mary! That's enough.

MARY, *stronger than he, at last*: No, let's have the truth! I could never find it in my heart to acknowledge one tiny flaw in you because I loved you so—and God help me, I still do—but let's have the truth, for once, wherever it leads. You think you're on the side of the angels? You're not! You haven't even a drop of ordinary human forgiveness in your whole nature. You're a cruel and vengeful man. You're everything you've always said you hated in your own father.

MC LEOD, *starts to throw on his jacket*: I'm not going to let you wander off in the streets this way. I'm going to take you home, myself.

MARY: What for? To kill me the way your father killed your mother!! *His hands drop to his side. He stares at her dumbly, stricken. She puts the keys down on the desk, turns to go.*

MC LEOD: Where are you going? *Pause. She looks at him sadly.*

MARY: Far away . . . you won't find me. I'm scorching my earth . . . burning my cities.

MC LEOD: When will I see you?

MARY: Never. . . . Good-bye. . . . *She goes.* MC LEOD, *dazed, walks slowly back to the squad-room.* BRODY *sees him from the wash-room and enters with* JOE.

BRODY: How'd it go?

MC LEOD, *almost inaudibly*: Fine.

BRODY: I mean Mary.

MC LEOD: Fine. Dandy. *To* SUSAN. All right, young lady, your two minutes are up.

The LIEUTENANT *enters.*

LIEUTENANT, *to* MC LEOD: What the hell's the matter with you?

MC LEOD: Nothing. . . .

LIEUTENANT: Don't you feel well?

MC LEOD: Yes, sir. Feel all right.

LIEUTENANT, *to* BRODY: Am I crazy? Look at him.

BRODY: You've gone all green, Jim.

MC LEOD: I've got a headache.

LIEUTENANT: You better go home. Buzz your doctor.

MC LEOD: I've got a squeal to finish off, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT: Brody! You finish it off.

BRODY, *reluctantly*: Yes, sir.

MC LEOD: I'd rather do it, myself.

LIEUTENANT: You go home. That's an order.

MC LEOD: Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT: Callahan! You catch for Jim tonight.

CALLAHAN: Yes, sir. *He crosses up to the duty chart, takes it off the wall.*

BRODY, *to* MC LEOD: What happened, Jim? What's wrong?

MC LEOD, *sits heavily*: Mary left me. Walked out. We're finished.

BRODY: Too bad. She'll come back.

MC LEOD: No. This was for keeps.

The LIEUTENANT *crosses*.

LIEUTENANT: What are you sitting there for? Why don't you go home? *Exit* LIEUTENANT.

MC LEOD: Because I haven't got any.

JOE, *comes down to him*: You drove her away, didn't you? Why? MC LEOD *doesn't answer*. I tried to warn you, you damn fool. Why?

MC LEOD: I don't know. Why? Why do we do these things, Yussel? Who knows? . . . I built my whole life on hating my father—and all the time he was inside me, laughing—or maybe he was crying, the poor bastard, maybe he couldn't help himself, either.

An excited woman enters, rattles the gate.

CALLAHAN: Yes, Miss? *He is at the desk now, reaching into the bottom drawer for the celluloid letters to replace the name on the duty chart.*

WOMAN: Someone snatched my purse. . . .

CALLAHAN: Come in, Miss. We'll take care of you. *He bends over to pick up a letter.*

WOMAN: This happened to me once before . . . on 72nd Street. . . .

CHARLEY *lunges for* CALLAHAN's *exposed gun, grabs it,*

hits CALLAHAN on the head with the butt, knocking him to the floor. BARNES raises his club.

CHARLEY: Drop that club! *He aims at BARNES.*

BRODY: Drop it! He's a four-time loser. He'll kill you.
BARNES *drops his club.*

CHARLEY: God damn right! Rot in jail the rest of my life? I take five or six a vou bastards with me first. BARNES *makes a movement.*

BRODY: Take it easy! He can't get by the desk.

CHARLEY: Shut up! One word! One move! Anybody!
MC LEOD, *seated center, laughs softly.*

MC LEOD: I was wondering when you'd get around to it, Charley.

CHARLEY: None of your guff, you!

MC LEOD, *rises*: Give me that gun!

CHARLEY: In the gut you'll get it. One step! I'm warnin' you. One!

BRODY: Easy, Jim. He can't get by the desk.

MC LEOD, *lunges for the gun*: You evil son-of-a bitch!

CHARLEY *fires point-blank at MC LEOD. One, two, three quick shots. MC LEOD is hurled back and whirled around by the impact. BARNES goes into action, knocks the gun out of CHARLEY's hand and starts beating him over the head with his billy. Several of the others rush in and swarm all over CHARLEY. He screams twice and is silent. MC LEOD staggers, clutching his stomach.*

BRODY, *rushes to him, puts his arms around him, supporting him*: Jim! Did he get you? Are you hurt?

MC LEOD: Slightly. . . . *He unbuttons his coat. His shirt*

is a bloody rag. The sight stuns and sickens him. God! A little boy for one second. Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary . . . He wraps the coat tightly about him as if to shut in the escaping stream of life. He looks up, smiles crookedly. Slightly killed, I should say. . . .

The LIEUTENANT comes running in, a number of policemen crowd in through the gate.

LIEUTENANT: What's happened?

BARNES: That son-of-a-bitch shot Jim!

LIEUTENANT: Take him inside! Get him into bed, quick.

BRODY, to MC LEOD: Easy, baby. Come, I'll carry you to bed. . . .

MC LEOD: Wait a minute.

BRODY: Now, Jim.

MC LEOD: No, don't! Don't pull at me. . . . *He sinks back into a chair.*

JOE: You got to lie down, Seamus.

MC LEOD: No. Once I lie down I'm not going to get up again. No.

LIEUTENANT: Notify the Communication Bureau! Get an ambulance. Quick!

MC LEOD: Never mind the doctor. Get a priest.

BRODY: Feel that bad, Jim?

GALLAGHER *goes to the phone.*

GALLAGHER, *on the phone*: Communication Bureau.

LIEUTENANT: Why don't you lie down, Jim?

MC LEOD: Get me a drink. *He gasps, unable to speak.*

BRODY *starts for the water-cooler.*

LIEUTENANT, *whispers to* BRODY: With a belly wound . . . ?

BRODY, *whispers*: What difference does it make . . . ? Look at him!

MC LEOD: Don't whisper, Lou. I can hear you.

The LIEUTENANT *goes for glass of water.*

BRODY: Sure you can. You're all right, baby. They can't hurt you. You're one of the indestructibles, you're immortal, baby.

MC LEOD: Almost, Lou, almost. Don't rush me. Give me your hand, Lou. Squeeze! Harder!

SUSAN *begins to sob.*

ARTHUR: Don't cry, Suzy. Don't cry!

MC LEOD, *glances up at* ARTHUR, *studies him, turns to* BRODY: Give me Buster's prints! I don't know. I hope you're right, Lou. Maybe he'll come in tomorrow with a murder rap. I don't know any more. Get me his prints. BRODY *goes for them.* CHARLEY *is dragged off, half unconscious, moaning.*

JOE: How're you feeling, Seamus?

MC LEOD: Yussel! Find her! Ask her to forgive me. And help her. She needs help . . . will you?

JOE: Sure. Now take it easy.

BRODY, *hands* ARTHUR's *fingerprint sheet to* MC LEOD.

MC LEOD: Tear it up! BRODY *tears it.* Unchain him, Lou. The keys are in my pocket. We have no case here, Lieutenant. The complainant withdrew. *He crosses himself.* In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having of-

fended Thee and I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of Heaven. . . . *He falls. BRODY catches him, eases him to the ground, feels for his pulse. JOE kneels to help him. After an interminable pause.*

BRODY: He's gone!

JOE: He's dead.

LIEUTENANT, *completes the Act of Contrition*: I firmly resolve with the help of Thy Grace to confess my sins, to do penance and to amend my life. Amen. *Crosses himself.*

BRODY, *murmurs*: Amen. BARNES *uncovers, crosses himself. BRODY crosses himself, rises clumsily, goes to ARTHUR, unlocks his handcuffs.* All right, son. Go on home! Don't make a monkey outa me! If I see you . . . (*BRODY is crying now*) up here again, I'll kick the guts outa you. Don't make a monkey outa me!

ARTHUR: Don't worry! I won't.

SUSAN: He won't.

BRODY: Now get the hell outa here! SUSAN *takes ARTHUR's hand. They go. At the door ARTHUR pauses to look back. BRODY has turned to watch him go. They exchange glances.*

GALLAGHER, *on the phone*: St. Vincent's? Will you please send a priest over to the 21st Precinct Police Station to administer last rites?

LIEUTENANT, *on the phone*: Communication Bureau? Notify the Commissioner, the D.A., the homicide squad . . . 21st Precinct . . . Detective shot . . . killed.

BRODY, *his face twisted, glances down at MC LEOD. JOE rises, slowly, taking off his hat.*

CURTAIN



Detective Story was first presented at the Hudson Theatre by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse on March 23, 1949, with the following cast:

(In order of appearance)

DETECTIVE DAKIS	<i>Played by</i> Robert Strauss
SHOPLIFTER	Lee Grant
DETECTIVE GALLAGHER	Edward Binns
MRS. FARRAGUT	Jean Adair
JOE FEINSON	Lou Gilbert
DETECTIVE CALLAHAN	Patrick McVey
DETECTIVE O'BRIEN	John Boyd
DETECTIVE BRODY	James Westerfield
MR. SIMS	Les Tremayne
DETECTIVE MC LEOD	Ralph Bellamy
ARTHUR KINDRED	Warren Stevens
PATROLMAN BARNES	Earl Sydnor
1ST BURGLAR (CHARLEY)	Joseph Wiseman
2ND BURGLAR (LEWIS)	Michael Strong
MRS. BAGATELLE	Michelette Burani
DR. SCHNEIDER	Harry Worth
LT. MONOGHAN	Horace McMahon
SUSAN CARMICHAEL	Joan Copeland
PATROLMAN KEOGH	Byron C. Halstead
PATROLMAN BAKER	Joe Roberts
WILLY	Carl Griscom
MISS HATCH	Maureen Stapleton
MRS. FEENEY	Sarah Grable
MR. FEENEY	Jim Flynn
CRUMB-BUM	Archie Benson
MR. GALLANTZ	Garney Wilson
MR. PRITCHETT	James Maloney
MARY MC LEOD	Meg Mundy
TAMI GIACOPPETTI	Alexander Scourby
PHOTOGRAPHER	Michael Lewin
LADY	Ruth Storm
GENTLEMAN	John Alberts
MR. BAGATELLE	Joseph Ancona
INDIGNANT CITIZEN	Jacqueline Paige

Staged by Sidney Kingsley

Setting designed by Boris Aronson

Costume supervision by Millie Sutherland















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Detective story, main
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